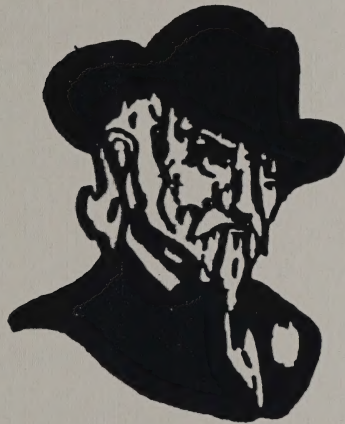


# The Kentucky Colonel



A STUDENT MAGAZINE  
PUBLISHED PERIODICALLY  
BY THE  
KENTUCKY SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND  
1867 FRANKFORT AVENUE  
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY 40206

LITERARY  
MAGAZINE 1993  
Vol. XLIX No. 1



## **THE KENTUCKY COLONEL STAFF 1993**

Paula Hester   Britt Lincoln  
Judith Partin   Vivian Ayer  
Kevin Smith   Ernie Soliday  
Stephen Meredith  
Sponsor--Nancy Stivers

THE KENTUCKY COLONEL is happy to present this edition of student writing from 1992-93. Creative writings, class news, and surveys submitted from students in grades from primary through high school are included as a literary memory of what we did, how we thought and who we were in this school year.

THE KENTUCKY SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND DOES NOT DISCRIMINATE ON THE BASIS OF RACE, RELIGION, AGE, OR DISABILITY IN EMPLOYMENT OR THE PROVISION OF SERVICES.





## ABOUT THE FIRE STATION

John Rouse

We went to the fire station and slid on the pole and then Mrs. Stone picked us up on a truck. Mrs. Stone put me down and the firemen said when the smoke will burn out the floor and it will burn out the fire hose cause we've got to get out.

We said, "Thank you" for sliding down the pole. Then we got outside and came back to class.

We went to the bonfire and the fire died down to the ground.

## THINGS I DO

Jennifer Hyams

I count numbers in computer. I pushed buttons on it. I pushed switches. We played games. We put disks in to make it work. We count to tens. We count to one and stop. We count twos. We count to threes. I like to put disks in. I like to look at the disks. Last night was Computer Day. We went up the steps.

## WHAT I DID IN MUSIC TODAY

Michael Hunter

We sing songs. We played Farmer in the Dell. We play the elevator game. We march to music. We skip. We play drums. We played birds and bears. We got a

treat. We played our instruments. We played piano.  
We recorded some songs.

## MY MOM

Matthew Brock

One day she went to the Mall and bought something for Matthew. It was a surprise. She bought him a police truck. He played with it. He liked it. She also bought toy cars.

She cooked supper for Matthew and his dad. She bought a cartoon movie for Matthew. She went swimming. She cleaned up the house. She vacuums sometimes. She sat in her rocking chair. She has a cat and some rabbits. She likes to feed Matthew dessert. Her and Matthew's dad cleans the garden. She cooks green beans sometimes.

## PIZZA FACES

Matthew, Terry, Amanda, Jennifer B., Jonathan,  
John, Arnold, Krystal, Michael, Jennifer H.

Shredded cheese  
Pepperoni  
Olives, onions  
Pizza sauce  
English muffins

We have to get a muffin first. Then we put pizza sauce on it. (3 scoops) We put pepperoni on it. We



used two pieces of pepperoni--we used it for the eyes. We put a big nose on it. It has nostrils on it. We used one olive to make the nose. We used the onion as the mouth. Everybody had a smiling mouth on their pizza. We used shredded cheese for the hair. We put it in the oven and it got warm. The cheese melted when we put it in the oven. It tasted fine because we put pepperoni on it. Amanda said she'd like to make it again because she liked it.

## HOW TO PLAY A HARMONICA

Michael Cleveland

The first thing you do is go to a music store and buy a harmonica. Then you buy a tape of songs for beginning harmonica players. Take the harmonica out of its case and blow on the keys until you know how it sounds. Then listen to your tape and play along with it until you get the hang of it. It takes most people about six weeks to be able to play songs.

I hope to see you in concert sometime soon. Good luck!

## MY FAVORITE SINGER

Felicia Stewart

I'm going to describe a day in the life of my favorite country music singer. When she gets to work, she calls her mother, Naomi, on the phone and then gets down to business.

It is September 30, 1992. She goes to Nashville, Tennessee in her car with her mother to go to the big CMA Awards Show later that evening. They have a secret interview with a country music announcer, and then the show begins.

After the show, she takes her mother home. Then she goes home and goes to bed excited and exhausted after a long day traveling and singing. That is a day in the life of Wynonna Judd.

## WRESTLING

James Sparrow

Wrestling is a hard and tough sport for a beginner, but it gets a lot easier each year. If you are strong, quick, and know a lot of moves, it would help you win your matches.

Wrestling is fun if you are a good athlete. I like wrestling because it will help me later in life. I also like it because I like to be rough.

## HOW TO RECRUIT A GOOD POINT GUARD

Andy Parsons

First you need to look around high schools and make sure the boy you are watching plays your style of basketball. If he is interested, offer him a scholarship. A good guard needs to be quick. He also needs to be



about six feet to six-and-a-half feet tall. He needs to be a good shooter from the inside and the outside. He also needs to be a good free-throw rebound. He also needs to have good eyes because if a man is open that no one is guarding, he needs to pass the ball out to him so he can score. That is called an assist.

There are several examples of good points guards. Michael Jordan does everything well. Larry Bird is one of a kind because he can hit the three-pointers. Dereck Miller is over a decent point guard for Kentucky. Travis Ford is a good point guard for Kentucky because he is an excellent jumper.

Recruiting is very important for college basketball. A point guard has a big impact on the court.

### THE DAY I WOULD MOST LIKE TO RELIVE Cindy Jones

I am going to write about my sister's wedding, because I cannot think of any other day I would rather relive. My sister Rachel was eighteen when she got married to David Brumley a year ago. David was twenty-two or twenty-three when they got married.

It was Pearl Harbor Day. I just could not wait. I had wanted her to be married to David for almost a year.

Everyone was there--Grandma Carol, David's twin

brother Denny, all of Rachel's friends from Louisville, and other friends and relatives.

I don't remember much of it, but I know I was so excited that I got up at six in the morning when the wedding was at three in the afternoon. I can truly say that it was one of the best days of my life.

## OUR FAMILY GET-TOGETHER

Melissa Saylor

On Saturday, July the fourth, my family and I went to Grandpa's house for a family get-together. When we went into the living room, we were so happy to see Grandpa that we all gave him a hug. He was happy to see us, too. We talked until the other family members got there for dinner.

Finally the others got there and we enjoyed talking and spending time with everyone. It was noisy and fun with everybody hugging and talking. All the kids were talking about their summers. Some of the little kids said that they went swimming and bike riding. That sounded like fun to me because my summer was going by so slowly.

Later the whole family had dinner about six o'clock. I enjoyed being at the table watching everybody eat and talking to my relatives. I was so excited that I couldn't eat anything. We had so many people that we had to use two very long folding tables. The adults sat at one table and all of the children sat at the other.



After dinner, we went on walks and my mom and my cousin took some of us on a boat ride. It was cool and pleasant outside, but the river was dirty and full of sticks and paper trash. After the boat ride, our family get-together came to an end. It was a long day, filled with fun and family activities. But now it had come to an end and we had to go home.

## THE WASP WHO COULDN'T SEE

Wade Fields

Once upon a time there was a wasp who couldn't see how to go where he wanted to go. The wasp's name was Harry. Harry was very sad because his friends could see where they were going. So one day Harry tried to go outside but everywhere he went, he couldn't find a way out. So one day Harry got frustrated and he really got angry because he was blind and he couldn't find anything when he needed it. Harry did something smart.

One day he got down in the floor and he got hung in a spider web and he couldn't get out. He tried climbing up the web but he got stuck more and more. That wasn't smart of a wasp but he got upset because he couldn't go where he wanted.

Harry is about 12 years old and he is upset because all his family makes fun of him because he can't see. So Harry packed his clothes up and ran away. One day Harry found another spider web while he was running away. Harry was smart, he sensed that there was a



web there but he didn't care. So he ran right into it and got stuck all over again. Harry saw a spider coming for him but he was stuck and he couldn't move. The spider came closer and closer. There was the spider standing right over Harry. The spider bent down and looked at Harry and said you are too small for me to eat. Harry was relieved. He thought he was a goner but the spider was nice to let Harry go. She could have saved him for one of her friends who is smaller but she didn't because she used to be blind too. But her mother got medication from the spider doctor that cured it and she could see at once. The spider told Harry the story and he started to cry because he had lost all of his sight and the wasp doctor couldn't cure it.

One day Harry fell in the street and got run over by a car. His family had the funeral April 2, 1952 at 4:30 and 7:01. Everyone of Harry's family was there and they were upset about how they treated Harry. The funeral was over and they buried him in a web's nest and put him in a box and put him in the hole. Harry's family was all in the will that Harry had written. Harry's family inherited 523,795,212 million dollars. Harry was a wealthy wasp, wasn't he? Harry's family lived happily ever after.

## ENVIRONMENTAL AWARENESS

In Mrs. Chaney's sixth grade fourth period Social Studies class, we learned about Environmental Awareness during first semester. We learned the value of using the earth's resources the right way and the

importance of not being wasteful. We studied about recycling products, conserving energy, and taking care of animals so that they won't become extinct. We encourage everyone to do your part by becoming aware of the world around you.

We wrote this poem to celebrate Earth Awareness:

Let's all try to save our land  
This is something for which we stand.  
We can do things the right way  
And recycle something important every day.

Jarred Hutchison, Jonie Morris, Willis Murray,  
David Perry and Josh Singleton

### TIME TRAVEL Kenny Vormbrock

One cold and dreary morning, I woke up to a loud crashing sound coming from the back yard. I looked at the clock and noticed that it was five in the morning. I looked out the window and saw a piercing light that almost blinded me. I grabbed my jacket and the flashlight and ran out the door to investigate the situation.

When I got outside, I found a big white glowing machine sitting on the hill. It looked like a flying saucer, except no one was inside.

When I got inside the machine, I found that the

machine was some type of computer system with lights, knobs, and a built-in calendar. To my surprise, I realized that this must be a time machine. I decided to try it out.

I keyed in the date of 1975 and pulled the lever back. Suddenly, the machine roared like thunder and began to spin around rapidly. When it stopped, I found myself in the backyard of the house where I used to live when I was a baby. I stepped out of the machine and looked through a window of the house. I saw a small child playing on the living room floor. Then I knew that the child was me in 1975. This was an eerie feeling to see yourself as a child. I wanted to see more, but I thought I better get to the present.

So I ran back to the machine and traveled back to the date of 1992.

When I got back, I told my family what had happened, but they said that I must have been dreaming. I looked out the window and the machine had disappeared. I told them that it couldn't have been a dream because it felt so real to me. The time machine wasn't a dream, or was it?

## ROCK AND ROLL Stephen Meredith

The point of this article is very simple. I'm looking for five band members. You heard it right, I want to form a rock and roll band. The music I want will sound



something like a mixture of Red Hot Chili Peppers, Black Sabbath, Megadeath, and The Black Crows. The band does not have a name as of yet, but soon will. As it stands now, I will need a drummer, a keyboard player, as well as rhythm, lead, and base guitarists. I play drums now, but if I could stop the nervousness in me, I will sing lead vocals. If you have any interest at all, please ask me, I'm not hard to find.

## A LETTER TO AN AMERICAN HERO

Britt Lincoln

Dear Mr. Paul Revere,

For the last few months, I have been giving serious thought to the question, "Who is my hero?" Finally, I decided upon the answer. Believe it or not, you are the person I admire most. In this letter, I will tell you how I chose you for my hero.

I have great respect for people who start working life in a low or modest trade and work their way up. You are one of those people. Your job as a silversmith was a modest one. Although your crafts were marvelous, few people saw your work. Then, your daring ride to warn the people that the first battle of the Revolutionary War was coming made you famous.

During your well-known ride, some more of your good personality traits showed themselves. One fantastic trait which came through was courage. When you set out to make the colonists aware of the British

force which would soon approach Lexington, Massachusetts, you knew there would be British soldiers along the road. However, you did not let them stop you. Bravely, you made it past the soldiers and made it to a house and hotel in Lexington. After your ride was over, you showed even more courage by serving in the Revolutionary War army.

Both your service during our fight for independence and your pre-war ride demonstrated patriotism which, in my opinion, is essential for a hero. If you had not loved your country, you wouldn't have bothered to inform the people of Lexington that the British were coming. We would have been taken by complete surprise, and the war would have been lost from the start.

Another good part of your nature appeared after the war. You humbly accepted the fame the war brought you. Although you were very well-known, you did not boast about your great contribution to the victory. You simply told the story to your children. All these personality traits help to make a hero in my opinion. Since you have shown these characteristics, you are the perfect hero for me. If you would like to give me some more details about your distinguishing ride and service, my address will be on the envelope.

Your ardent admirer,

Britt Lincoln

## THE THANKSGIVING FEAST

Jamie Weedman

We were going to have a Thanksgiving feast at our school. We started by going to Huber's Farm and picking fruits and vegetables. We picked apples, green beans, broccoli, and cauliflower. We also picked some pumpkins. In the next few days, we preserved our food. We made applesauce and apple crisp. We also dried apples. We preserved our pumpkins by pulling the gooey pulp out of the pumpkin, cooking the pulp, running it through a mill, and freezing it. We canned our green beans.

The Tuesday before Thanksgiving, we had our feast. We all helped make the food. We cooked our canned green beans. We had turkey, dressing, venison meatballs, and our vegetables. For desserts, we had pumpkin and apple pie. The Red Team came and brought jello. We all had a good time.

## MY WEEK AT SPACE ACADEMY

Paula Hester

(written November 11, 1992)

Last week will be a week I will never forget. I spent from October 31 to November 6 in Huntsville, Alabama, at the Space Academy and learned some interesting facts. I learned that I will learn more each time I go.

We were doing activities from six in the morning



until nine-thirty at night. It was tiring, but it was worth it all.

We arrived at Space Academy at 7:00 A.M. and settled into the Habitat. The actual schedule did not begin until Sunday, so Saturday we had time to relax and talk. For the rest of the time, we didn't have much time to do those things.

Saturday night we were introduced to our team counselors and assigned to our teams. Our team's name was UTC and we were combined with students from West Virginia. We took a tour of the Space Station FREEDOM, the simulation that they had, and looked at both ENDEAVOR and DISCOVERY's cockpits. They had a variety of simulators which simulated what it is like to be weightless, in other words, without gravity. One simulator was a simulation of walking on the moon. The gravity on the moon is  $\frac{1}{6}$  of that on the Earth. The 5D.F. is used to do E.V.A.'s which is Extra Vehicular Activity. The M.G. 1-6 is used for the same kind of job.

Throughout the week we had extra time to work on mission patches and the space station. The space station had to have a purpose which was to be written in an essay, have a sensible description and be creative. On Thursday night these were to be presented to the rest of the teams. The mission patch was a team patch. It required drawing a creative design such as a space shuttle launching. It also required a slogan; our slogan was "We crawled, we walked, and now we're ready to fly." The staff at the Academy would judge the team

patches and announce a winner at the Friday graduation.

Our team was required to do two missions and they were ENDEAVOR and DISCOVERY. Each member was assigned to one job per mission. On the ENDEAVOR mission I was Payload Specialist and on the DISCOVERY mission I was P.A.O. which stands for Public Affairs Officer. The missions were judged on professionalism, which meant that you couldn't be foolish on the microphones. They were also judged on how well the team cooperated and how the experiments were finished.

Not very many people get this wonderful opportunity to experience Space Academy. I would recommend this to other young people, because after the week is out, it may inspire them to become more involved with the space program. Not only does it help you learn about space, but it helps people to believe in themselves. It will help people to realize that they could do things that they thought they could never do. Space Academy is worth it all!

## THE FIRST DAY

Judith Partin

"Mom, did you pack my clothes, toothpaste, toothbrush, deodorant, and money?" asked Toby nervously.

"Yes, Toby, everything is packed. Don't worry

about it. You will survive on your own for two weeks," Mother replied in a comforting voice.

Toby was nine years old. Camp was his first experience away from home. He was nervous and scared; he hadn't ever been away from home except for staying the night at his friend's house.

Everyone faces the struggle of leaving home whether it be camp, school, college, or marriage. Everyone also faces anxieties from leaving home whether it be remembering to pack your toothbrush or defending yourself at all times.

People try to prepare you for this change, but no one really can. People can prepare you with the physical things, but the emotional state is up to you. You have to get ready and face the world on your own. You should remember to keep your courage, but for some reason, you don't.

As you arrive at your destination, you notice it looks lonely and deserted. It looks like a ghost town with ghosts waiting for you. You walk inside the building or bunker and look around at all the strange things such as the admissions table or beds.

When your parents leave, you feel as though you're in a daze and everything going on around you is a dream. You search through the crowd, hoping to find a friendly face. You see a smiling happy person and wonder if you should go up to the person and make conversation. You decide not to, you're afraid the



person will think you're boring and fall asleep. You wonder around hopelessly, trying to speed up the time until bed.

That night you lie down, feeling the strains of emotional stress on your body. Suddenly, you hear a noise. What could it be, you think to yourself as you lay as still as a mouse. Maybe it is a mouse. You hope it doesn't crawl up your bed and want to be your bedmate. While lying in bed thinking, you fall asleep. The next morning you are awakened by your alarm clock. Now you start off on a new day.

## SIXTEEN SECRETS OF FRIENDSHIP

Kathy Wetherington

1. If you are a true best friend, you should be able to listen to your friend's problems without judging, but trying to help her.
2. A best friend is honest in all situations, even though the truth sometimes hurts.
3. A best friend won't get jealous if her friend has fun with and likes to be around other people every now and then.
4. Best friends can trust each other not to give out personal information shared in confidence.
5. True best friends last forever, no matter what changes come into their lives.

6. Even though you may occasionally get into an argument and feelings are sometimes hurt, best friends always find a way to work things out.
7. A best friend can always say "I'm sorry."
8. Most of the time, best friends have a lot in common and have fun when they're together.
9. Best friends will always be there to help one another no matter what the situation.
10. A true best friend will be a good listener.
11. Even if you are many miles apart and don't talk as much as before, a true friendship will last.
12. Best friends don't criticize each other for their faults, but try to help each other improve.
13. A best friend is always there when you need a shoulder to cry on.
14. A best friend may not always agree with the decisions you make, but if it makes you happy, she is glad for you.
15. Best friends seem to have a sixth sense and can usually tell when something is wrong.
16. A best friend likes you for the person you are and won't expect you to change just to please her.

SOMETHING I WOULD LIKE  
TO SHARE WITH YOU  
Stephanie Hallum

How does it feel to be deaf? I feel frustrated lots because I can't hear or understand what other people are saying. I get frustrated when I can't say the words right. I do get frustrated at the classes, but I had to learn that I have to stand up and say, "I can't hear you or I can't understand you." It doesn't matter what other kids think, I don't want the teachers to think that I can if I can't. I have to look at people's faces and read lips. Sometimes I get scared to tell the teachers or other people. I will try not to get scared; the kids will not get mad if I keep saying "what" all the time. I was born deaf and it will not get worse or better; my left hearing is almost gone. Stop, look at me and talk clearly and louder.

Sometimes I feel ignored; some people think that people with hearing problems or deaf people ignore them. Hey, that's not true. When someone calls my name, sometimes I can't hear them or don't know the name people are calling. For example, my name is Stephanie, but when someone is calling, it sounds like they are calling me Tiffany or Jenny or Tefanie to me, and they think I am ignoring them. Sometimes I am trying to talk with someone and they just look away at someone else. That hurts.

I am the only one in the family who is deaf, but I had a step-aunt who's deaf. I am blind, too. My uncle Glen Hallum and my cousin Tommy Miller and I are



the ones in the family who are legally blind.

Lonely, I get lonely all the time. I don't really have very many friends. It happened at home, too. I always stayed in my room if I was at home. At school I do get lonely, but I want to thank three people who are my friends. First I want to thank Tabatha Barnes for helping me when someone is calling. For example, if the houseparent is calling, then she will come to me and tell me. Kelly Phelps is my closest friend and I want to thank Kelly for signing to me and helping me and being my friend. She is deaf, too, but she has lots of friends. Jenny is the one who helps me the most. If I had any problems, I would come to her and she helps me. I know that people are waiting for me to say something, but I don't know what to talk about. I don't really want to be the first person to talk sometimes.

I do get confused when some people ask me to go or do something and don't tell me clearly. I am a quiet girl. I get scared to talk in front of people or classes or strangers, because I don't talk right. Some people at home said "You don't talk very good" and I know my speech problem and it bothered me if someone kept saying that. I am not that dumb.

I feel like nobody cares when I said "What" and people just said "Never mind." It made me feel bad. Nobody understood me. I do get BLAME, because when someone is talking, if I don't know that, then later they get mad at me for doing something wrong.

When I was little, I can hardly hear at all. I went

to the ear doctor and he said, "Oh, she seems fine and there is nothing wrong with her at all. She can hear."

But Mama said, "No, she can't hear at all. Every time I try to call her, she is not hearing me." Would it make you angry if your child is deaf and the doctor just thinks your child is fine? Well, it made my mom mad. I was just sitting there and doing nothing. Many people thought that I was retarded.

Mama took me to the other ear doctor, and he checked my ear, check and check and check. He told my family, "No, she can't hear and she needs to wear a hearing aid." Later on the teacher talked to my mama and she said that Stephanie needed to go to the best school where she could sign and learn, she needed to go to the Kentucky School for the Deaf. But Mama didn't like that and she kept saying, "No, I don't want her to stay away from home. I want her to be at home." The teacher said if I didn't go to KSD, I will not learn anything, to talk or anything.

Mama took me to KSD when I was seven years old. I was happy, but I didn't know what was going on. One girl named Dara came and wanted to be my friend and she taught me to sign. I was happy until about the fifth grade and then I wasn't happy at all.

When I was in middle school, Mama asked some people at KSD to help me to be happy. People there said she is all right and they think I will be OK. Mama found a wonderful counselor named Mrs. Nell.

When I was in the tenth grade, I had been visiting KSB in Louisville and Mrs. Bunuan gave me an evaluation. She was really nice to me and asked me if I was thinking of coming to KSB and I said to myself, "She read my mind." So, I had to tell the truth and I said, "Yes, I had been thinking of coming to KSB."

Later on they asked me if I would like to come to summer school. I said, "No," and I started going to KSB on October 1, 1991. Here I am in the eleventh grade in second year of KSB.

I want to thank Mrs. Bunuan, Mrs. McGruder who still helps me, Kelly Phelps, Mrs. Rowe for signing and Mrs. Sims for speech class. Thank you all for the help.

LOVE  
Joyce Chesser

Love is a feeling of satisfaction.  
It's always addition, never subtraction.  
It's in your heart, it's in your soul.  
The feeling really takes control.  
Love's not just something you can feel, it's something  
you can show.  
So if you have it in your heart, be glad to let us know.  
Give some love to everyone.  
It's not hard, it's lots of fun.  
When you give it, you get it back.  
It's the best and it's a fact.  
If you have nothing else to give,  
Give some love, let your heart live.



## QUESTION MARK

Joyce Chesser

It wiggles, it jiggles, it can make you giggle.  
What do you think it is?  
It's scary, it's slimy, it is kind of tiny,  
Now tell me, can you guess this?  
It's fuzzy, it's smooth, and I'm telling you,  
If you can't guess this time,  
I'll tell you all about this fuzzy ball of slime.  
It is the worm we have discussed  
And now I hope you're happy,  
This really was a simple game.  
It was so quick and snappy.

## THE BEST CHRISTMAS GIFT

Paula Hester

Sometimes if you think things may turn out negative, they really may be positive. This story involves a poor family, living in the southern state of Arkansas. It will touch many hearts of young people and will also teach a wonderful lesson.

I stood shivering in the cold, trying to rake snow off the porch. I could hear Mama in the cabin singing "Joy to the World." I only had a scarf that kept me halfway warm, but I would soon be in the cabin sitting in front of the fire reading about the wise men and the baby Jesus lying in the manger.

After I warmed my hands in front of the fire, I reached for the Bible and tried to read. Something stopped me. I heard the most annoying question from my younger sister Amy, "Where's Daddy?"

"Somewhere you're not!" Dad was a soldier fighting in the Civil War. It has been three years now and we probably won't see him come Christmas Day.

"Now you know better than to talk to your sister like that," Mama said sternly as she was putting the roast on the burning fire. "I bet Daddy is in Gettysburg by now. Don't talk about that in front of the little ones; they're scared to death enough."

Finally I had enough of Mama's nagging so I went outside to make snow castles. It was too silent; so silent that I was imagining the sound of guns shooting. It seemed so real that the silence was broken by my bloodcurdling scream. Mama rushed out to the porch and said, "What is fretting you so?"

"I heard guns shooting; they're coming after us!"

"Oh, Joanne, your imagination is running like a stampede of horses." The sound came again from afar. This time it was real.

"In the cabin!" I've never been so frightened in all my days. I'm surprised that Mama was; she's always calm, except now. I couldn't say a word; this was either death or we were going to lose our cabin and all our possessions. Mama was holding our family Bible with

all her might. If we were to lose anything, Mama would definitely make sure that the Bible wasn't a part of the loss.

Amy was crying in Mama's lap and Heather, the infant, was trying to look outside and was laughing, of all things. "Who would want to laugh during a time like this?"

Mama didn't answer, but I did hear her say, "Thank you, Jesus, they're gone!"

I lost control, and Mama had to quieten me down. "If we're on the verge of being . . . , well, do you know what the best thing to do when you're in a frightening situation?"

"I forgot to pray," I said grimly. I all of a sudden fell into a terrible rage. "If the Yankees . . . "

"Don't talk of it," Mama said in a trembling voice.

I laid in bed praying that God will keep Daddy safe and that he will come home for Christmas. I began to cry; I didn't know if I was depressed or that I was being touched by the Spirit like Mama talked to me about. Mama heard me; I tried to stifle it, but I failed. I felt Mama holding me. "I know it scares you, honey, but we have a lot of sinners in this world. Remember this, Jesus is coming and He will bring it all to an end." I was quiet; I loved it when she talked of Jesus coming. That meant that I was going to be in His hands someday. As she left the room, I began to feel at peace.



Mama hated to hear me talk of the war, and I loved it when she talked of Jesus coming, and I realized that I should talk of Jesus more. I giggled and drifted off to sleep.

I awoke to the sound of the wind whistling. To me, it sounded mournful. I slowly walked downstairs to eat breakfast, but there was nothing on the table. It was a different kind of morning, and it scared me. Maybe I'm the first one up. All of a sudden, I heard something. It sounded like bells. "It's Christmas Day!" I said aloud.

Mama came in with a smile so bright. It was the most I've seen her smile since Daddy left. She opened the door and there stood someone I've never seen before. "Who is that?" I asked curiously.

"Ask him to come in; he looks severely hurt and, look! he doesn't have a coat or any kind of insulation from the bitter wind. I thought it was your father. Come in, sir." Mama looked worried.

"Mama, he doesn't understand you; he's sick." Mama tried to help the half-frozen man into the cabin. She lit the fire and fixed him a hot cup of tea.

I went over beside him and said, "Don't be afraid; you'll be safe here." He tried to get up and walk, but he fell backwards and was still. "Mama, he's bleeding!" She quickly brought the tea for me to hold while she tried to doctor his wound.

"It looks as if he's been shot," she said softly. I

wondered where the bells came from, but I didn't want to burden Mama with any more questions. I watched as she was rubbing his wound with water. I could see him slowly begin to thaw. Mama took the tea and tried to get the refugee to drink. He mumbled something which meant that he was going to survive this struggle.

I heard the bells again, and this time I could see them. They were the spurs that the gentleman was wearing. I was relieved when I knew everything I wanted to know, like is he going to survive and where did the bells come from. One other question I didn't know was how was he astray in this bitter cold? Is he escaping from someone?

Mama was trying to get him to make some sense out of what he was trying to say and finally I heard her say, "You were running from what?"

He moved his hand and put it on my shoulder. It was trembling. Curiosity still raged inside. "I can't fight anymore," he said faintly. I knew it! I knew what he was running from. I felt sorry for him, so sorry that I felt a tear tremble down my cheek. I looked into his eyes and I was elated when I recognized him.

"Mama, it's Daddy!" I jumped from my chair and flung my arms around him.

Mama was still; she couldn't say anything. After a moment of shock, she said, "Welcome home and Merry Christmas!"

Amy screamed, "Daddy!" several times and pushed me away and hugged him. He responded to this affection weakly and said to the whole family, "You saved me."

Christmas was the best day I've spent in years. Daddy was home, though his arm was paralyzed, he is still the same Daddy. Yes, we received gifts; Amy received a doll and baby Heather got a blanket that Mama knitted. I got what I wanted for Christmas; Daddy came home from the war. Though he is partly paralyzed for life, he's still the best Christmas gift anyone could ever have.

## POTATO CANDY

Jennifer Pearl

Would you like to learn how to make potato candy? If so, I can teach you how.

The first thing you do when making potato candy is to boil a potato. When the potato is soft, turn the stove off. Let the potato cool before you peel it. When the potato has cooled off, take off all the peeling. You can do this with your hands, but wash them before you peel the potato. Once the potato is peeled, put it in a bowl and mash it with a mixer or a potato masher. When the potato is mashed, add a teaspoon of vanilla in with it. Gradually add powdered sugar while stirring the potato and vanilla mixture. If using one potato for this recipe, two large bags or six small boxes of powdered sugar are needed. Keep stirring in powdered sugar



until the mixture is like dough. You may have to use your hands to mix it because it's hard to stir after awhile. When the dough is made, roll it out on wax paper and spread a layer of peanut butter over it. Once the peanut butter has been put on, roll it up and cut it into slices. This candy is best when it has been in the freezer for at least fifteen minutes.

This is how you make potato candy.

## LIFE PATHS AND THEIR OUTCOMES

Britt Lincoln

Make each day a thing of the past.  
Put each day behind you,  
Then go to sleep with dread in your heart,  
And grudgingly let each new day find you.

This is the method for failure.  
That stuff will not get success,  
If you don't make each day beneficial,  
You'll end up in a disastrous mess.

Make the most of each new day.  
Don't put useful time behind you,  
Then look forward to each new day,  
And let the new benefits find you.

Use this method for vast success,  
And it won't let your wonderful dreams shatter.  
Work very hard and achieve your goals  
And you'll quickly climb that golden ladder.

This song, which is to the tune of "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning," is meant to advise both children and adults about life. I hope it will be read and appreciated.

## JOURNALISM CLASS SURVEY--NOVEMBER 1992

SURVEY: For what are you thankful? (Question was asked the week before Thanksgiving, November 1992.)

To be alive  
Christmas is almost here!  
A free country  
Trust  
My son  
Music  
Sleep  
Television  
America  
My parents (Parents were mentioned five times.)  
Mom and Dad  
Good food (Food was mentioned nine times.)  
My Lord  
GIRLS  
Candy  
Living in this country  
A healthy family (Good health was mentioned seven times.)  
My husband  
Friends (Friends were mentioned four times.)  
A room by myself  
KSB

God  
Pockets  
Apartments  
Rock and roll  
Love  
Grandchildren  
My home and family (Family was mentioned  
    sixteen times!)

My faith  
New clothes  
Saturday mornings  
A lap top computer  
Many blessings in life every day  
Working here  
Justin Mann  
Just being alive!  
Finding something I have lost  
Patience  
CD's  
A car that works  
Thanksgiving vacation  
Tapes  
Sports  
GIRLS  
BOYS  
Having mother cook supper  
Christ in life  
Being alive  
Mother is well.  
My daughter  
Music class  
Mother coming through her sickness  
Mom and Dad



Invention of the guitar  
Kids  
Winning the cheerleading meet

## SPACE CAMP Chris Gilley

Nine other kids from Kentucky and me and eleven kids from Indiana boarded a charter bus to head to Space Academy, Huntsville, Alabama, at 12:00 midnight on October 31, 1992.

We arrived in Huntsville around 7:00; we all went to our rooms until lunch.

Later in the week we rode many different simulators like the MMU 1G Trainer which is a chair hooked on an arm with air pads under it to simulate weightlessness. Another is the MMU Bama arm which is a chair hooked to a telephone truck arm. Another is multi-axis trainer which is a metal cage inside three rotating round bars at rapid speeds. Another is the 5DF or 5 degrees of freedom which is another chair hooked to a floating bar to simulate weightiness.

Later in the week we did two two-hour missions with our team members from West Virginia. Our first mission was great. We had a great mission. We launched and landed in a little over two and one-half hours. Now our second mission was a different story. We launched and landed in a little over three hours.

On Friday we had our graduation and I hated to leave so much, but I had to. I would love to go back and it was a great experience for any one.

## MY TRIP TO WASHINGTON, D.C.

Arlene Owens

Washington, D.C. is one of the most beautiful cities I have ever been to. I felt honored that I got to go. I think one day I would like to live there.

When I found out I could go because someone dropped out, I was ecstatic. Then I started getting nervous, I had never been on an airplane. I thought about dropping out, but then I thought, this probably is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. After agonizing about it for a couple of hours, I decided I would go. The flight there went all right, but if Earl had not been there, things would have gone bad. He showed me how to put my seat belt on and told me about his first time flying. That really calmed down my nerves.

Once we were in Washington, we went straight to Arlington National Cemetery. I have never seen so many graves in my life. I thought I was going to cry when I saw the changing of the guard. I also felt sad when we saw the memorial for the space Challengers.

Our next stop was at Ford Theater. We saw the actual spot where Abraham Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth. Then we saw the place he died, the Peterson House. I got to take a picture of the

blood-stained pillow.

Then we went to the Capitol Building. This is where the embarrassing moment happened; Mrs. Hicks was going to take a picture of me in front of the building. As I started to walk in front of the building, I fell off a curb. I was so embarrassed.

After we went to the Capitol Building, we went to Union Station to have lunch. While we were there, a homeless person came up to Kathy and asked if she could spare a dime. Kathy said, "I am sorry, sir, but I can't." I felt so sorry for him.

Next we went to the Vietnam Memorial. There were wreaths lying at the base of the Memorial. I guess they were from some of the families of the boys who went over there. I started feeling bad when I thought about how badly they were treated when they came back.

The Lincoln Memorial was to the left of the Vietnam Memorial. There were fifty-eight steps leading up to the Lincoln Memorial. Talk about being tired!

We also went to the Einstein Memorial. It was made of nothing but copper. Mrs. Ritchie took a picture of most of the kids sitting on it.

I will never forget my trip to Washington, D.C.



# **RANDY, THE RENT MAN**

Samuel Lucas

(based on a true story)

The names are changed to protect the innocent.

**Characters:** Mrs. Vera Jackson, Samuel, Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Debbie Estes, Timmy Estes, Mrs. Brewer, Judge Sommerville

## **Scene One:**

Vera: (on the phone) Debbie, I am in trouble, I mean big trouble, the worst in my life. Randy, the rent man, is very mad at me because I turned him down one too many times. He just asked me to go dancing with him on Saturday. I said no. Why can't he get it through his thick skull that I mean no when I say it? Anyway, I would never go out with him, even if he offered me a million dollars.

Debbie: (on the phone) So what is the big trouble? You said the worst in your life.

Vera: (still on the phone) He is going to make me move out of the apartments. I have no place to go.

Please come down here and talk to me about this.

Maybe you could help me. Come now. Bye.

(They both hang up.)

Samuel: Who was that on the phone, Mom?

Vera: Oh, it was Debbie. I was telling her how Randy is trying to make us move out of the apartment.

Debbie is on her way down.

Samuel: Did you ask if Timmy could come down? We could play out back in the creek or ride bikes.

(Knock, knock)

Samuel: Who is it?

Debbie: It is Debbie. Let me in.

Samuel: (walking over to the door) Here I come. (opens door)

Debbie: Hi! Where is your mom?

Samuel: Back in the bedroom. Let me go get her.

Debbie: I'll be here with her. You and Timmy can go out and play. Please be good.

Timmy: We'll try our best.

(Samuel and Timmy go outside.)

Vera: (coming in) I'm glad you could come over, Debbie.

I don't know what I can do. You know the trouble Randy has given me. Ever since he said I'd have to move, I've been looking and looking for a place. I found a couple, but they are way too expensive.

Debbie: Well, the first thing he did was to report that Samuel shot a little girl with a bow and arrow.

Vera: Yes, and if there are three complaints about a child in the apartments, the family will have to move. He turned that complaint into the Juvenile court. I took Samuel up there to the case worker's office and I told Mrs. Brewer about the complaint. It was not even an arrow. It was a stick. The bow was a toy, and the little girl was behind Samuel at the time.

Debbie: Randy is so sick, and no one was hurt. What did Mrs. Brewer do?

Vera: She said since no one was hurt, nothing could be done. She said she would talk to the Juvenile Court and try to get the complaint dropped.

Debbie: That was good. But then what happened?

Vera: Randy saw Samuel with his little magnet. That was when Samuel put it on the bumper of your car

to see if it would stick.

Debbie: I remember that and it fell off in the street. It would not stick.

Vera: Randy hollered at Samuel that he was scratching cars and he turned in that complaint to the Juvenile Court. It wasn't even true.

Debbie: They did not believe him, did they?

Vera: No, but I had to take Samuel again to Mrs. Brewer's office. She called you on the phone. Don't you remember?

Debbie: Yes, Mrs. Brewer called. I told her that there were no scratches on my car done by Samuel. No damage to my car.

Vera: But now he is accusing Samuel of stealing his son's bicycle. Samuel got parts from the boy who did steal the bicycle. The boy gave the parts to Samuel. I told Samuel not to play with that boy! I wish he would listen to what I say.

(Noise at the door and Samuel and Timmy come running in.)

Timmy and Samuel: We're in trouble with Randy! We rode our bikes on the grass and we parked them in the breezeway. He chased us inside.

Vera: You all go back in Samuel's room and stay there. Be quiet. We're trying to work out my problem with Randy.

(Knock, knock)

Vera: Who is it?

Mrs. Allison: Mrs. Allison. I want to come in.

Vera: Come in. I called you because I hope you can help me. I have no place to go if I have to move.

Mrs. Allison: What are you all planning to do?

Vera: Randy went and complained to the Juvenile



Court that Samuel stole little Randy's bicycle. We're going to have to move and it will be on Samuel's record. I will not be able to afford another place. I can only pay the rent in the government apartments.

Mrs. Allison: Is any of it true? Did Samuel do it, Vera?

Vera: No, none of it is true. That boy gave him the parts. Randy is just mad at me because I won't date him. He's made this up. The lease says three complaints and anyone has to move.

Mrs. Allison: Vera, don't worry. We'll explain all of this to Mrs. Brewer. I will go with you and Samuel to talk about this to her. We'll tell her how Randy has been trying to kick you out since you would not go out with him.

Vera: I'll call Mrs. Brewer for an appointment.

**Scene Two:** Caseworker's office. Vera, Mrs. Allison and Samuel arrive at Mrs. Brewer's office.

(Knock, knock)

Mrs. Brewer: Come in. Please have a seat. Who is this with you, Vera?

Vera: Mrs. Allison. She is my friend.

Mrs. Brewer: Hello, Mrs. Allison. We have a complaint from the Juvenile Court saying that Samuel took a bicycle from a boy named Randy Kelly. Is this true?

Vera: No, ma'am, Samuel was given some parts off the bike by the boy who took the bicycle. He should not have taken them. Now Randy is saying that Samuel stole the bicycle. Samuel did not even know the parts came from Randy's bike!

Mrs. Brewer: I have to ask you a question. Did a policeman come to your apartment and ask you to sign a statement about this problem?

Vera: Yes, a friend of Randy's. It was Pollard, the policeman.

Mrs. Brewer: The statement said that Samuel did take the bike.

Vera: He told me that it said I knew there was a problem. I would not sign that Samuel stole the bike. He did not do it. There is a mistake! Randy is trying to get me in trouble.

Mrs. Allison: Mrs. Brewer, Samuel did not steal the bike. He has not done these other things that Randy has accused him of. The reason Randy has caused all this trouble is that Vera will not go out with him. He is trying to make her move. If he shows that Samuel gets complaints, she will have to leave the apartments. It is in the lease.

Mrs. Brewer: Samuel, I want you to tell me the truth. Did you take the bike?

Samuel: No, I got the parts from the boy who did steal it.

Mrs. Brewer: I understand; I want to keep this off your record. I will try as hard as I can to keep it off. It is very important to you. I am thinking of your future. Let me make a phone call. (Mrs. Brewer on the phone) Judge Sommerville, I have been talking to Samuel and his mother about the bicycle theft. Samuel says he did not take the bike. He did get parts from the boy who did. What do you think I should do?

Judge: (on the phone) Have Samuel and his mother pay \$30.00 for the parts and have Samuel write an

essay about his experience.

Mrs. Brewer: Judge, can we have his record cleared?

Judge: Yes, as soon as he turns the essay in to you.

Mrs. Brewer: Thank you, Judge. (They hang up.)

Mrs. Brewer: (to Vera, Mrs. Allison and Samuel) His record is to be cleared if you pay \$30.00 for the bicycle parts and you will have to turn an essay in too about your experience. He will be clean!

Mrs. Allison: Thank you very much.

Vera: Yes, thank you for all your help.

Samuel: Thank you, too! I have learned my lesson.

Mrs. Brewer: I surely hope so.

Mrs. Allison: Yes, I think he has learned his lesson.

Mrs. Brewer: Good! If you have any more problems out of Randy or anyone else that runs the apartments, just call me.

Mrs. Allison: O.K., thank you again.

**Scene Three:** Six months later.

Samuel: Mom, Mom, Randy has asked me to help him with his lawn.

Vera: Is he going to pay you?

Samuel: Yes, \$3.00 an hour.

Vera: Are you going to?

Samuel: I guess I will. It would be his going-away present since he is moving soon.

Vera: I am so glad he is moving from here.

Samuel: Me, too, in a way. (ring, ring) I will get it. (walking to the phone) Hello?

Mrs. Allison: Hello, Sam. Is your mother home?

Samuel: Yes, she is, Mrs. Allison. Hold on and I will get her.



Mrs. Allison: O.K., but hurry up, please.

Samuel: I will, Mrs. Allison. (walking into the bedroom) Mom, Mrs. Allison is on the phone.

Vera: Oh, thanks. (Vera picks up the phone. Samuel goes back into the living room and hangs up the phone.) Hi, Mrs. Allison. (on the phone)

Mrs. Allison: Hello, how have you been?

Vera: I have been real good. Randy wanted Samuel to help him with the lawn here at the apartments.

Mrs. Allison: Did he go and help?

Vera: Yes, he did. He said it was going to be his going-away present.

Mrs. Allison: What is Randy going to do--move?

Vera: Yes, sometime this week, maybe.

Mrs. Allison: Well, that is good, right?

Vera: That's right!

Mrs. Allison: Has he got on to Samuel lately?

Vera: Not lately, he hasn't.

Mrs. Allison: Well, that is good, too.

Samuel: (entering the room) Are you still talking to Mrs. Allison? What does she want?

Vera: She wants to know how we are doing.

Samuel: Well, tell her, I'm fine.

Vera: Mrs. Allison, Samuel said that he is doing fine.

Mrs. Allison: Did he? Well, I've got to go. I will call you later.

Vera: Bye, talk to you later.

(Randy and his family moved the next day. Samuel and Vera had no more trouble out of anybody at the apartments. About two months later, Samuel and his mother Vera moved away too.)

## THE CASE OF THE MISSING PACK RAT

Jennifer Pearl

Dedicated to everyone who is working  
to improve organization skills

If there is one thing Penny Hugo will be remembered for, it is being a pack rat. She would cram things in her book bag like wadded-up school papers, empty Coke cans, candy wrappers and, of course, school books without taking time to throw away anything she didn't need. When report card day came around, every teacher Penny had wrote that she desperately needed improvement on her organization skills. This didn't do any good because no matter what the teachers wrote, Penny was still a pack rat and even more disorganized than ever.

The book bag that Penny carried was a foot taller than she was and it could have made a place for her to live in since she was so tiny. One advantage Penny had of carrying a cumbersome book bag was that it made her arm muscles strong (that is what she thought anyway) and so she kept everything in it. Another reason Penny kept everything in her book bag was because she just had to keep last year's English and math even though she was way past those boring assignments in Units One and Two. When people asked her why she saved these things, she would say that she was making a junk mobile. When people asked her why she was making a junk mobile, she would ignore them. When people realized they weren't getting anywhere by asking her questions, they left her alone. However, this didn't stop them from calling her Penny the Pack Rat.

When Penny finally got tired of her classmates teasing her unmercifully, she told them that if they didn't stop, she was going to open her bag and all the rats would make them look like Swiss cheese. When Penny said this, everyone was quick to leave her alone and keep their mouths shut. This was because everyone recalled the Friday morning when Penny opened her bag to get a spelling book and fifty rats came out along with it. They chased her classmates out of the room, they ate the teacher's grade book and they got into the principal's vegetable soup. When he saw that his bowl of soup was gone and that a rat was at the bottom of his bowl, he was very irate. He went from class to class trying to figure out who would pull such a prank, but he didn't get an answer until he came to Room 103. When he saw Penny cramming papers and books back into her satchel, he had to ask no more because he knew the answer. The classroom was empty except for the distraught teacher Mrs. Bun, Penny and the other forty-nine rats which greeted the principal by tearing at his pants' legs and biting him on the toe. As a consequence of all this, school was called off for a week, Penny had to clean the classroom for a solid month and she had to pay for a new planning book that the rats had totally destroyed. Penny earned the money by taking the other forty-nine rats and selling them as pets. Despite the fact that Penny Hugo had to clean the classroom for a month and buy Mrs. Bun a new plan book, she didn't improve her organization skills one iota and things continued just as they were before. It took only a week to get half the rats back into her book bag again. If that couldn't persuade Penny to become more organized, then nothing else would. This is what



everyone said on the matter of being disorganized, anyway.

Then there was an incident in which Penny then improved her organization skills completely. It was on a Friday when Penny was walking to her sixth period class and she had to get a pencil out of her book bag, but as she bent over to get one out, she fell in it. It was hard trying to swim her way through all the papers and books, but she managed to get to the top of the book bag. By the time she had accomplished all this, school had been out for about an hour and a half. She managed to get all the way out of the book bag by doing a somersault forwards and landing on her rump. Luckily the bus was late because if it wasn't, Penny would have to ride home on one of the twenty-five rats.

That was when Penny decided then and there to toss her book bag into the garbage bin with the rats, papers, and books still in there. When the next report card came around, Penny Hugo passed her senior year with flying colors and she even made "A+" on her organization skills.

## THE CASE OF THE MYSTERIOUS THING

Amanda Sharp

Once upon a time in a town called Catsville, a couple by the name of Jane and Bob Smith were driving along in their old beat-up car. Suddenly they heard a sticky and squashy sound coming from a distance. Jane tried to warn her husband Bob that it was getting closer

to them and fast!

"Do you have any solutions to how we are going to get around that big purple mess?"

"I don't know if we can. It is too big! Ahhh! It's coming to get us! Look out. . . ."

They both screamed in fright. "OH, NO! It's coming right straight for us! Wha . . . wha . . . what is that thing!"

"I do not know but it looks huge. If we don't do something fast, it's going to put the whole town and all the people in danger!"

"Well, it looks like we are stuck here till we see some light and hear a siren."

They listen for a police car. "Here it comes now. Maybe he can help us identify this thing!"

"AHHH! Move out of the way!"

"I can't, it's too big!"

"Y-you mean to tell me it is impossible to get through?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. Why don't we try and get out of the car and run from the pile of goop!"

"Boy, you've got to be kidding, we can't run from

that thing. It's bigger than we are. Here comes the police."

"Greetings . . . I'm Officer Bill and he's my partner, Jeff. May we help you tonight? Oh, look over there, Jeff, there's a great BIG BIG pile of something I don't know what it is! Can you tell us what it is? It's coming right toward us!"

"What are you yelling?"

"Look out, it's THE BLOB! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!"

"I will be surprised if everyone makes it out of here alive. It's just too big for us to handle on our own! We need more people to help get rid of this BLOB! We can't do it, Jeff! Do you have solutions to who can?"

"Hum ... hum ... hum, if we don't do something fast, it will destroy the whole town. I know what we can do!"

"What, tell me?"

"Bill, call 1-800-GOGHOST!"

"Boy, that's the most brilliant idea you have had yet! CALLING 1-800-GOGHOST Hi, this is the police department and we would like to report that THE BLOB is in the town of Catsville."

"OK, we will send someone out right away. Thanks!"



EMERGENCY ALERT. . . . EMERGENCY ALERT

"Jim, Jake, John! Get up here now!"

"What's going on, Kathy?"

"There's a great big problem in Catsville!"

"What is it?"

"IT'S THE BLOB! There's already some police officers out there. They need help getting rid of it."

"We are on our way!"

So John, Jack and Jim left the station to go help the policemen get rid of The Blob in the town. The ghost car had all the equipment needed to fight The Blob including the ghost gun, electra trap and a vacuum. The vacuum was to clean up the mess after they sucked it up.

They sped up in their ghost car. When they arrived on the scene, they jumped out of the car and screamed, "It's coming toward us! Get out of the way!" Jake grabbed the suits and tossed them to Jim and John as he yelled, "Put them on. This will protect you from the electric shock from the gun."

After they got on their suits, they went to fight the monster. John tried to shoot the gun at The Blob.  
"Jack, do y-you know what?"

"What?"

"This is sad, sad news."

"Well, what is it, Jake?"

"The gun is out of fluid!"

"Oh, no, what are we going to do now?"

"Try the vacuum. See if that will work, Jake!"

"It is not going to, why not?"

"BECAUSE LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS THING.  
IT'S GETTING TOO LARGE!"

Jim said, "What do we do now? We have tried everything to solve the problem, but we cannot."

John answered, "Call the 'Honey, I Shrank the Kids' producer. Maybe he can help us with his shrinking machine."

Jake said, "Right away, guys!" and ran to the car phone. He dialed 1-800-SHRINK. "Is Ricky there?"

"Just a minute," said Jamie, "I will go and get him."

"Hello, this is Rick speaking. How can I help you?"

"Yes, you may, we need you to come out and help us shrink this monster BLOB we have in our town,

Catsville," explained Jake.

"I will be right there," replied Ricky.

Rick arrived in his car with his shrink machine. He got out and he couldn't believe his eyes! He got his shrink machine ready to reduce the size of the monster. "Everyone please clear the area!" yelled Ricky. "This machine is very dangerous. I don't want to put anyone in danger."

He put the machine in motion and it started making out high-pitched sounds. It released a blue and white beam of light with full force. As it hit the middle of THE BLOB, it began to shrink. Those who could see it watched in amazement. As it began to deflate, the people of Catsville cheered with relief.

THE BLOB continued to shrink until it was gone. The town of Catsville was free at last from the destruction of THE BLOB!

## THE UNUSUAL WEDDING

Shannon Caldwell

I walked in from school and the phone was ringing. I answered thinking it was John wanting to go over our studies. But it was Mike. Mike was my best friend since grade school.

I remembered it was Friday the weekend, I was supposed to stay with Mike and go to his wedding on



Sunday. He was wanting to know if I could come over early so we could go to the church and make sure everything was set up for the wedding. I told him I would be right over.

Mike's house is walking distance from mine. Some of our friends were there so we had planned to sit around and listen to music and talk about old times.

We went to the church and hung balloons and set vases of flowers all around the room. Then Mike set a big vase of roses right at the altar.

Meanwhile back at home, Mike's mom was fixing a big meal for us. She was making a meatloaf, mashed potatoes, baked beans, rolls, and with that we would have a glass of ice cold milk. In fact, this was our favorite meal. So we ate hearty and talked some more. Finally we went to bed and lay there talking about the old times we've had together. Then we got around to the part that he was going to get married. You could tell he was nervous and he finally got to talking about it. I asked him if he was happy and he said he was. Really you could see it, it was written all over him that he was the happiest man around.

The next day we spent listening to music and talking with friends. It was great to see my old friend again, for this was the last time I would see him for a while. For tomorrow would make it all different--he would be married. Somehow I started to worry. But he said, "Don't worry, buddy, you can come and see us anytime you like."

On Sunday Mike got a phone call early. We got up and he answered it. He stayed on there quite a while. When he came back, he was not himself. I asked him what they wanted and he wouldn't talk about it. It was some friend he didn't want to see right now.

Three o'clock arrived and everyone was gathering in the church. It was time for the festival to begin. Everyone was dressed to kill. The guys had on blue tuxes and the ladies had on white dresses. Sarah got to the altar and was handed the big bouquet of flowers. Right then a boy with shoulder-length hair came in; he was wearing a pair of jeans with holes in them, a faded T-shirt, and boots that were skinned to death. He looked obvious. He came up to Mike and said, "We have to take you downtown. We have a warrant for your arrest."

Mike went as he was told. Everyone was crying and disturbed. They all followed. Everyone wanted to know what was going on.

The wedding was postponed until everything was over with the court. Mike was to stand trial in two weeks for the murder of J. D. Stergal. He was astonished. Everyone was in hysterics.

The trial came. Mike took the stand and his lawyer got up and the person who asked the questions was there. They asked Mike all kinds of questions. He answered them all.

The trial went on for two weeks and finally the last

day a tape was found of the bad people talking. They had killed J.D. and had taken all of his money and made it look like Mike had done it. It was all easily planned because Mike liked to play cards for money.

Mike was free to go and he and Sarah were married on Friday, two days before his birthday. I was the best man. I was invited to spend the first weekend with them that they were back and I was glad.

## MY LIFE AS A PIECE OF GUM

Joyce Chesser

My friends, they disappear rapidly, going with people, I don't know where.

Suddenly, someone comes in and picks me up, a five-cent piece of gum. I'm carried to the counter, then after a minute, popped into a mouth.

Teeth chew me, and I feel my energy going.

After a while, I'm spit out into the street. The sun is hot. It's not comfortable here. I get stepped on repeatedly and I could go to a rubber hospital. Little pieces of me go onto the bottom of people's feet.

It becomes a hundred degrees, and I begin to melt. I can say no more except that I warn all others of every gum race that they're in for a pretty scary future.



## MY LIFE AS A GLASS BOTTLE

Joyce Chesser

I'm sitting on a cabinet. I once held Pepsi, but it was drunk. I guess it's okay here, I can stare at everything and think about anything.

Suddenly I'm knocked off, and I feel myself coming apart. I was a new bottle and wanted to live my life. Now I'm all to pieces.

Well, now that I'm being thrown away, I can tell you this much, people should be more careful. This is worse than being on a shelf for two weeks, rejected. Now I must go to the big bottle home in the sky.

## NOWHERE LAND

John Saylor

I stopped off for a soft drink one afternoon when I saw a dark road that looked deserted. After finishing the drink, I decided to ride down and take a look. Traveling down this road slowly I listened for sounds or voices to lead me to something. I heard or saw nothing. It was like going in to nowhere land.

When I came to the end of the road. I saw a large house with an old man practicing a skill of fighting. This form of martial arts was none like I've ever seen. The skill was taken from all different forms of skilled fighting there are. His fighting partner was about five and a half feet tall and solid built all the way down.

The opponent was holding his own against the old man but wasn't able to get a punch or kick in on the man. However, his skill was similar to the old man. I watched as they finished and went into the house.

This house was a large beautiful house that was surrounded by plants of all kinds. I was impressed with the outside of the house and I could just imagine what the inside may have been like. I was interested in who this man who lived here was and why he chose to live in a desolate area. So I walked down the sidewalk to the entrance of the house and knocked on the door. When he opened it, he greeted me with a smile and happy toned voice. The man welcomed me in and began telling me a little about himself.

His name is John Sutton, a retired sports doctor who dealt with muscle control and flexibility. As well as a doctor, he taught a lot of young boys the different styles of fighting so they could fight for him. Both the doctor and I talked for a few hours and he invited me to eat dinner with him and his friends. I sat down at the table with five other boys about my size and began to eat. Across from me was the same boy I saw practicing with the doctor earlier.

I tried to speak to the boys but they didn't have much to say. It was like they were spaced out. I mean their minds were somewhere else. I asked the doctor what the problem was but he motioned me out to the yard. While following him, I asked him what the name of this place was. He said Nowhere Land is what he called it.

When we got outside, he began to teach some of his fighting skills. I was impressed with what he could do but I already knew most what he demonstrated because my dad had taught me most of my life. Later, I tried to tell him I needed to go because it was getting late. He kept on trying to get me to stay. I knew there was something wrong when he motioned me away from the boys at dinner but this told me for sure that I should get as far away as possible before it was too late.

The old doctor turned his back and hollered at his boys to get ready for their nightly stretching before bed. At that time I made a fast break for the space between the mountains that led to the road out of Nowhere Land. I didn't get far before the dog tied to the pole on the front porch began to bark. The bark was so alerting that you would think he was being attacked. The doctor motioned for two boys to jump me and bring me back. While chasing me, one of them jumped from the ground and kicked me clean off my bike. I hit the ground hard too. When I came to my feet, I was furious. I looked at him like it was his end. As I motioned toward him in a good fighting stance, I noticed the other circling me from right to left. As he got closer with each circle, I all at once snap-kicked him from the side, causing him to fall over backward. The other jumped to kick me again but I moved to the right and caught him under the chin with an elbow bringing him down sooner than he wanted. He stepped back, holding his chin and groaning in pain. I took off toward my bike again but the doctor pulled his stun gun and shot me in the back.

The next thing I knew I was strapped to a table in



a lab. My eyes opened wide at the sight of the room I was in. I was amazed at the machinery and worried about what might have happened to me while lying there out cold. Just waking up from a stun shot in the back, I felt a pain like I never felt before. Lying there for a moment made me realize that being stunned probably wasn't all that happened to me. I felt funny, like my head was weighted with a brick that couldn't be seen but was actually there. My eyes were bleary and my nose was filled with congestion that wasn't there before I was shot. My arms felt like they had been poked at with a needle to find a good place to insert a chemical of some sort. My stomach was empty and hurting from hunger. My legs were tired and weak. I didn't understand that because they certainly weren't weak before.

I tugged at the straps trying to get loose when the doctor said, "You're not going anywhere. I'm going to add you to my team of fighters."

"What team?" I muttered.

"The boys you saw at dinner and when you were captured."

"Captured," I yelled, "none of your boys could capture me. They do well to walk."

"Don't underestimate my boys," said the doctor. "They've brought me a lot of what I have today. They've gotten me farther in my work and fighting abilities. Just knowing I can teach fighting skills to the boys and



make them obey my every command makes me very powerful and proud."

The doctor began telling the story of how he kidnapped boys and drugged them heavily with a substance which he wouldn't reveal. This serum makes the mind weak and the body strong. The mind has no thought of what to do; it has to be told in order to respond. The doctor turned and looked at the wall as if he was trying to remember something from the past. Then he shook it off and unloosened the straps from my table. He called two boys from the back to escort me to the fighting ring.

The fighting ring was a very large place down under the house. There was plenty of room for fighting and anything else you wanted to do. The doctor turned to me and said, "This is what my boys have been training for."

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"I need some type of activity to show myself the genius I am."

"You call what you're doing genius? I call it mad, insane."

"I know," said the doctor, "that's why you're involved too, without the serum. It'll make the performance interesting."

I said, "I don't need your serum to fight. I was

trained by my dad as a young boy. I was trained as a normal boy, not with the dependence of a drug."

"I admire your pride in yourself but pride and true knowledge won't be anything compared to what I'm going to show you. With the serum, my boys can perform tasks that absolutely can't be done in normal human spirit. They don't feel pain when it is inflicted upon them. Let me demonstrate. Carlos, James, come here!"

I was wondering what he was going to show and it had me worried. He had both of the boys to get on their guard for a little one-on-one combat. It didn't take the boys long to prepare either. Both had the look in their eyes like they were going to kill one another. I couldn't believe it. These boys were just both sitting and talking together before they were called. It's like the word "fight" totally changed their personalities.

The fighting began. Carlos jumped and snap-kicked James right in the face. James fell to the floor, then immediately turned to his stomach, then pulled to his knees. Carlos walked up to grab his head when James thrust his right leg backward and nailed Carlos in the stomach, causing him to double over. James grabbed him with a headlock and threw him to his back. They began wrestling on the floor. Carlos, lying on his back, wrapped his arms around James's waist and rolled hard, coming out on top to break the headlock James had on him. James popped up, turned and faced Carlos who threw a punch at him. James ducked and caught Carlos's arm, kned him in the stomach, turned his

back toward him, pulling Carlos's arm over his shoulder and chopped with his left hand. This broke Carlos's arm ending the fight.

Once the fight was over, the doctor ordered James and another boy to throw Carlos over the edge of the mountain out back. I now understood why the hatred look appeared in both competitors' eyes before the fight began. If you lost a fight, you lost your life too.

"You notice Carlos didn't let out a scream when his arm was broken," said the doctor. "The boys can be hurt but it has to be an injury that would take them out of the fight before you know it. Then I have no more use for them, so I dispose of their bodies alive or dead."

I sat in wonder at what might happen next. What I saw was sad and inhuman, but I couldn't do anything about it. I didn't know if I could get away alive. Considering the fight was tomorrow and I was involved, even though I didn't like it, it had me puzzled and worried too. I had no doubts about my abilities but no guaranties about my life either. This fight was to be like no other. Unlike gladiator fighting where all different styles of fighters come together to compete in a tournament, these fighters were going to compete at the same time in one area. They will fight until one champion is left standing. Then the champ gets shot and abolished from the area as well as the other losing fighters.

All night long I tossed and turned thinking about the fight. I knew even if I won, he would kill me. I



needed a plan to get him caught in his own evil plot, or to escape from the ring and face him one-on-one and finish him off myself. The time had come for the fighting to begin. There were nine other boys standing there besides me. All had the hatred look in their eyes just as James and Carlos did in the fight earlier.

The doctor yelled, "Let the fight begin." We all circled around, ready for someone else to instigate the first move. A dark-headed boy came toward me and I snap-kicked him. He fell to the floor, then I was jumped from the back. I ducked, turned and elbowed him in the stomach. A short blond-headed boy threw a side-kick at me. I caught his leg and turned him sideways, dropping him to the floor, planting my elbow in his face. His head hit the floor and he was out cold. A big muscular boy came at me, running. I jumped up turning in the air, swiveling my hips, catching him across the face with my foot. That kick only turned his head and didn't calm him down any at all. He and I circled, trying to anticipate the other's move. While circling, I got a little too close. He drilled me in the face with his fist. I fell to the floor, rolling, trying to keep him from kicking me in the ribs. It didn't help any. He kicked me and I doubled over, coming up to my knees. He grabbed my left arm and leg and threw me up against the wall. I fell on my back with blood on my forehead and side. I jumped up in a rage. I started kicking him with all the power I had from the hip and right leg. When he fell back, I grabbed his head and kneed him in the face until he was knocked out.

The boys had all slowed down on their fighting



watching us. This made the doctor mad and caused him to make his biggest mistake. While playing around the ring, he yelled, "Fight harder, leave no one standing."

At that, all the boys attacked him, beating and tearing at him like nothing I've ever seen. The doctor realized that what he said was what they obeyed, but he didn't realize that the boys would see him as they saw each other on the fighting floor. When he yelled "Leave no one standing," they attacked him too.

As much as I wanted to help, I didn't because I knew once they were through with him, it would be the same as before. So I ran to the nearest electrical box. Once they were finished and the doctor was dead, I shut off the power. The new change caused the boys to freeze just as I had hoped. The boys assumed they should quit since a change was made.

I called an ambulance and a police officer to come out see the mess. When they arrived, I told them the whole story and how I got involved. They took me home and the other nine to the research lab in Mexico to find out if there was help for the boys. As for me, I was glad to be home and thankful that the nightmare was finally over.

## THE TAKEDOWN OF A LIFETIME

Tim Davis

As he stepped on the scales, Jason Speed, a junior at St. Johns, a Catholic high school in the suburbs of

Louisville, could hear his own heart beat. Jason had been running all night to make weight for the state tournament. He was nervous, even though he weighed a pound under before he had left the school. It wasn't just the weigh-ins that made him nervous; it was being there with all those other wrestlers and knowing that he made it to the tournament that separated the men from the boys. As the scales balanced out he wasn't just one pound under but two.

Jason stepped off the scales and went to where he had set his bag down, that way he could get dressed for the competition. After getting dressed, Jason headed out into the gym; that way he could get a good seat so he could see all the competition. Jason didn't want to miss a move from any match. Jason was St. Johns' 145-pound wrestler and, due to his outstanding wrestling skills, Jason was picked to get third in the state championships. Since Jason didn't have to wrestle until they get to the 145-pound weight class, he had plenty of time to relax.

When the announcer announced for the 140-pound wrestlers, Jason got up and started preparing for his first match by stretching out. Jason had his own routine of stretches, that way he didn't leave a muscle unstretched. The state tournament was a two-day double elimination tournament. Double elimination means that if you get beat twice, then you are out of the tournament. In order to make it to the finals then you have to win your first four matches.

A few minutes later the announcer announced for

Jason Speed from St. Johns and Ted Sanders from North Harden to report to Mat One. Jason took off his warm-up and fastened his headgear, then strutted to the mat and waited for his opponent. When Jason's opponent walked out onto the mat, Jason shook hands with him and then the ref blew the whistle to start the match. As soon as the whistle blew, Jason shot in for a quick double leg drop. As he was taking him to the mat, Jason sunk in a half and, in a total of forty-five seconds pinned his opponent. After the referee raised Jason's hand, he walked off the mat and went back to where his stuff was and put his warm-up back on so that he wouldn't get cold.

Since Jason won his first match, he didn't have to wrestle again until that night. That way he would be ready for the night action. Jason went home for a while and went to sleep. After sleeping for a while and getting a bite to eat, Jason headed back to the tournament for another round of competition.

As the next round of competition started, the people started to pack into the gymnasium. The excitement was already unbelievable. The wrestlers all stretched on the mats, readying themselves for further competition and anxiously awaiting for the announcer to ask them to clear the mat so that the next round of wrestling could begin.

In the state tournament, if you lose your first match, then you get to wrestle again because this tournament is a double elimination tournament. In order to make it to the finals for first and second, then



you have to win three matches in a row. Winning those matches just gets you to the finals. You have to win one more to be a champion.

As the time passed, it finally became time for Jason to wrestle his second match of the evening and possibly his last until the next day. If he won, that would be all he would have to wrestle that night but if he lost, then Jason would have to wrestle again in a wrestle-back round. After shaking his coach's hand, he went out on the mat to wrestle an undefeated returning champion. When they tied up, Jason started to remember all the training and all the dedication that he had put into the season getting ready for the state. As the whistle blew, the toughest and closest match that Jason had wrestled all season began. This match stayed close in points the whole time until the end. With ten seconds left on the clock, Jason was down and the referee blew the whistle to restart the match. As soon as it blew, Jason did a beautiful stand-up and got one point for the escape. Then with seven seconds left, he got the fastest and smoothest take-down that he has done to end up beating the man picked to beat him by a score of seven to ten.

This win advanced him to the next day of competition. Jason would only have to win one more match to advance into the finals. So far Jason had done an outstanding job by making it farther then expected to make it. That night after his win, Jason went back to the gym to check his weight.

This tournament has two weigh-ins if you make it



to the second day of competition. When Jason stepped onto the scales, he was only a pound over. This was not a worry because a person can lose an average of two pounds overnight if, after you eat, you don't touch anything else that night. Jason could weigh-in the next day at one pound under forty-five if he was careful. After weighing, Jason went home with his parents to get a good night's sleep and be rested up for the next day of competition. The next day you could say would separate the men from the boys. This was when the competition would really get tough for those that survived. As soon as Jason got home, he went straight to the bed where he stayed until he had to get up at six the next morning to make it back to the tournament on time for the second weigh-ins.

Bright and early the next morning Jason headed back to the gym for the second weigh-ins. As it came down to the time for Jason to weigh-in, he stepped on the scales and he was one and a half pounds under his weight. After showing the referee his finger nails and getting his face checked to see if he needed a shave, Jason headed to his belongings and got dressed for the competition. As Jason headed back out into the gym, he found the same seat that he had the day before.

This seat was probably the best view in the house. The reason that Jason could sit anywhere that he wanted and that there was no team to sit with was because Jason was the team. Jason was the only one from his school that made it to the state tournament. Jason was the only person from his school to make it to the state tournament the year before as well. The

previous year Jason didn't do worth a darn. He did not come close to doing anything. This year Jason had the chance of a lifetime a chance to build a memory that would never be erased from his mind; this is the chance to be a state champion. Jason's coach was the man responsible for making the state tournament run smoothly or run period. Because of this, Jason didn't see his coach all that much but when it was time for Jason to wrestle, his coach was always there on the edge of the mat to shake his hand and give him a little bit of information on the man that Jason was getting to wrestle. Jason's coach must have known every one of those wrestlers, at least it seemed like it at times.

It was time for Jason's third match of the tournament. This match was the most important match in a way. This match was the one that could send Jason to the finals or keep him out of the finals. Jason's coach shook his hand and told him that the man that he was getting ready to wrestle was a wimp and that he didn't know how he had gotten as far as he had. Jason didn't let this get to his head and went out on the mat with an attitude to win. Jason shook his opponent's hand and the whistle blew. Coach was right, because as soon as Jason hit him with a double and started to take his man down, he sunk in the half and stuck his man in fifteen seconds, sort of embarrassing his opponent. After getting his hand raised for the victory, Jason walked off the mat and his coach told him to go home and get some more rest to be good and ready for the finals. After Jason won, his coach started jumping up and down saying, "You made it to the finals!" I don't know who was happier, Jason or his

coach.

Jason went home and laid around until it was time to get ready and go back to get ready for the finals. The finals started at seven and it was already six. When Jason got back to the tournament, he headed out to the mat to start stretching out with all the other wrestlers that were getting ready. There was an announcement for all the wrestlers in the finals to get in the right spots on the right sides of the mat for the face off.

After singing the national anthem, the announcer started announcing who was wrestling whom and what their weight class was. When they announced your name and your opponent, you go to the middle, shake hands and then walk off the other side of the mat. This is one of the most exciting and electrifying parts of the tournament.

After a few more minutes the final round of competition was underway. As the tension and nervousness in Jason's body built, he loosely and readily awaited his match. It would be a little longer in this round before Jason got to wrestle because the matches were harder and the wrestlers were going at each other with all that they had to be a champ.

Finally the time arrived. Jason headed to the corner of the mat where his coach was awaiting just as nervously as Jason. The coach told Jason that he was wrestling a tough guy and that if he went out ready to wrestle and gave it all that he had, he could come out a champion, the best at 145 in the state of Kentucky.



After Jason was through concentrating with his coach, he buckled his headgear, pulled up his knee pads, and headed out to the center of the mat, ready and fired up for the match. Jason was not only physically ready for the match but he was mentally ready for the match and that is just as important.

As the referee blew the whistle, Jason shot for a double. His opponent sprawled but Jason kept driving towards him until he got the first takedown of the match. The other guy tried a switch but Jason followed behind him, keeping control. When Jason's opponent realized that he wasn't going to get the switch from his base, he did a beautiful stand-up switch, getting the first escape and his first score of the match. At this point of the match Jason was on the bottom and his opponent had a tight waist in. Jason tried his most often successful stand-up but, after failing to get away after attempting it a few times, Jason moved on to a sit-out arm roll. This was unexpected, so due to the speed and persistence of this move, Jason got his first escape. The score was now four to two in the third period. This was a very tough but close match. It was the opponent's choice in the third period and he chose the top position. The wrestlers were ready for the referee to blow the whistle. They wrestled with Jason trying to get away from his opponent holding him down. As the time narrowed down, Jason's opponent's coach yelled that he had to put Jason on his back in order to beat him. After a few seconds, Jason's opponent used some move that he had never seen and put Jason flat on his back. This made the audience go nuts. Jason managed to get back to his base, but the opponent held



him on his back long enough to get three back points and to take the lead by a point. With seven seconds left in the third period, Jason's coach screamed with worry in his voice for Jason to score. With three seconds left Jason hit his loyal stand-up, again breaking away from him opponent just as the buzzer went off.

This gave Jason the one point needed to tie the score and put his match into overtime. The crowd was going wild; they were almost coming out of their seats. The electricity in this building was almost unbelievable. In overtime, they call it sudden death. This means whoever gets the first take down wins the match.

Both Jason and his opponent tied up as the whistle blew and the two started dancing around, trying to set one another up for the takedown with utmost precaution. Jason started thinking. He was thinking of all the training and hard work that he had put into the season. He felt as if he should win but the victory was something that he knew had to be earned. Thinking about this made Jason even more hungry for the victory. Jason was ready to go over the top, ready to go the distance. With one minute and twelve seconds left, Jason caught his opponent off guard and hit a nice and unexpected duck under to capture the victory.

The crowd went wild and Jason's parents almost jumped over the railing in front of the bleachers. As the referee raised Jason's hand, the coach ran out and gave him a big hug and picked him up. The excitement of winning a well deserved championship almost made Jason and his coach start tearing.

At the end of the rest of the tournament Jason went picked up his championship ribbon and, to his surprise as he was walking away, they announced him as the outstanding wrestler of the tournament. This just added to his excitement and after picking up the award Jason and his family went home and threw a big party. This was the end of the most successful season of wrestling that Jason ever had.

## MY DADDY'S FUNERAL

Kelly Phelps

My daddy died on Monday, January 11, 1993; he died in his sleep in a green chair. I was never close to my daddy and it was nobody's fault. He had a drinking problem and he smoked. He appeared to have had a heart attack in the summer; three of his vessels were blocked from smoking and drinking.

I went to his funeral on Tuesday and Wednesday we buried him. I felt important because I was his only child; he had not had a wife since his and Mom's divorce was final. He had never been close to his family; only to my papa (grandfather) and that was because they lived together.

My daddy had never looked so good as he did in his coffin. Mom sent a rose with her name on it to his coffin; I sent a heart pillow with my name and a rose on it. My aunt put my school picture from two years ago in a frame and buried it with him. On Tuesday when I walked in hand-in-hand with my mother, all my daddy's

siblings suddenly came to me and hugged and cried with me. He had a brother and four sisters. At last his mom, my grandmother, hugged me and spoke loudly, "We're so sorry, honey." After that, I walked up to the casket and saw my beautiful father. He had a moustache and a beard. All of a sudden, I couldn't believe this had happened to me.

There were also lots of people there that I didn't know. Of course, it made a lot of sense to me. My mother had told me that Daddy was a likable person; he was gentle, kind and not a troublemaker, so that says he has had lots of friends. He was also a very private person.

I hadn't eaten all day, so my cousin and my daddy's brother-in-law took me to get something to eat.

On Wednesday Mom and I started down to the funeral early so that I could be alone with my daddy. For the first time, I touched a dead body. I had to reach out to him because I knew it would be the last time. I told Mom that I didn't ever remember holding Daddy's hands, but, of course, she said that I have. So I stood there and held his hand. I rubbed his face, his beard, his chest, and his ear. It felt cold, even his clothes. His beard was so soft and sweet. His body felt like a mannequin, but I did enjoy my time with him.

After the ceremony, we were allowed to see him once more before they closed him up. I walked up with my mom by my side, holding her hand and all my aunts, uncles, and cousins were right behind me. They



had already seen Daddy for the last time. I wanted to be the last person to see him. The preacher was standing by Daddy. He shook my hand and started talking to me. He said one of the best things that anyone has ever told me about my daddy and that was that he has known Daddy ever since Daddy was younger and he saw my daddy be baptized when he was ten years old. All these years Mom and I were scared and worried over nothing because Daddy was a Christian. That's what I meant about his being a private person. The strange thing is that I was ten years old also when I was baptized. I said, "Thank you. Good-by," to the preacher, then I walked to the casket for the last time; I leaned over to put my head against his chest and cried my heart out. I'm going to miss him, but it makes me happy to know that I'll see him again in heaven.

## SEEING EYE FACTS

Christopher Simpson

SEEING EYE is an organization that helps give blind or visually impaired people their freedom through the use of seeing eye dogs and by the donation of \$150. SEEING EYE is located in Morristown, New Jersey.

SEEING EYE was founded in 1929 by Dorothy Hustis and her student Lorris Frank.

You must be sixteen years of age to get a SEEING EYE dog. Blind students come from all over the world to get a SEEING EYE dog. The training takes 27 days



for new people and twenty days for people who have been trained before. The trainers teach each person according to the dog he will have and in many different ways.

The dogs are bred especially for SEEING EYE work. When the dogs are puppies, the 4-H program gives the puppies a home and kids take the dogs home. This helps the dog get used to a family environment. The family keeps it for a year and teaches it discipline and gets it used to being with people. This also teaches the kid a lesson in responsibility.

After a year, the trainers start training the dogs to see if it is capable of being a guide dog. They do this by crossing roads and seeing if the dogs stop at curbs. The trainers see if they're ready by wearing a blindfold while other trainers evaluate the dog. The dogs are taught when in harness, they are working, and when out of harness, they are off from work.

Each dog is matched to its human by height, strength, and agility. This is how the training procedure works.

SEEING EYE is one of the best schools for training dogs. They're in the GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS for training the most guide dogs.

## MY FAMOUS HOMETOWN

Christopher Simpson

Let me tell you about my hometown, Rosine, Kentucky. It is located on Highway 62 between Caneyville and Beaver Dam. The county seat is in Hartford, Kentucky, in Ohio County. My hometown consists of between 300 and 340 people. Uncle Pen's place sits upon a hill that overlooks the town. My grandparents' farm sits next to Uncle Pen's old place. I have walked through my grandparents' pasture because my Uncle Henry used to own the place until he sold the property to Mr. Monroe's son.

The Father of Bluegrass Music, Bill Monroe, wrote a song called "Uncle Pen's." When Mr. Monroe started singing, his brothers Charlie and Birch Monroe traveled and sang with him in the band. Charlie and Birch have passed away and are buried in Rosine Cemetery. My grandpa worked for Mr. Bill Monroe's father, Buck Monroe. Bill Monroe is not the only person from Rosine to be famous. Shelby Atchison, a famous actor in a lot of old westerns we see on T.V., is from Rosine. He was also a stunt man on horses. Rosine has tourists from around the world to come to the summer square dance. They come from Japan and Russia to see the home of the Bluegrass. Rosine also has a barn turned into a music barn. Every Friday night people bring their instruments to the Old Barn Jamboree and play. The cost to get in most of the time is free. Rosine parks' square dances are free also. In the summer I go and stay a week with some family and enjoy this little town. If ever you get a chance to visit, you'd wonder how the

people became famous.

As we say in the country, "You all come, you hear!"

PATRICK PLANE  
William Chapman

Patrick Plane was a little bent.  
Like an angle, his life he spent.  
He told his puns to everyone.  
This was his idea of fun.

In geometry the teacher taught of proofs.  
Patrick missed it, what a goof!  
Patrick Plane was failing geometry class.  
There's no way in this world he could pass.

If you were to ask him, I'm sure you would find  
He couldn't distinguish segments from lines.  
If you were to ask him, "What is a theorem?"  
He would reply, "Don't ask me, I fear 'um."

Boy, Patrick Plane's life was a mess.  
This phrase of truth I must confess.  
Now with this idiot, I must share  
That planes aren't only found in the air.

Although he's failing, he can improve  
If only the proofs, he could learn to prove.  
All the steps and their reasons baffle his mind.  
Therefore, once again, he is falling behind.



JOURNALISM SURVEY:  
What are your resolutions for 1993?

Tabatha Barnes--To control my temper  
Eddie Jones--Hope everything goes well  
"Doc" Taylor--To be a junior  
Josie Kenney--To see Jeremy  
Mr. Pestel--To work out more  
Billy Kirk--To get better grades in math  
John Hovel--To place in the conference tournament  
Michelle Powell--To lose weight  
Stephen Meredith--To get to school more, to feel better  
and to sing better  
Mrs. Ritchie--To keep up my work better  
Jason Keaton--To improve my guitar playing and social  
studies  
Britt Lincoln--I want to become more street-wise and  
people-wise.  
Ms. Ruconich--To treat myself as I would like others to  
treat me  
Mrs. Stivers--To be better organized  
Ernie Soliday--To learn how to live more independently  
Johnny Saylor--To make the Honor Roll twice  
Mr. McCall--To have a good attitude all year  
Mr. Stivers--To lose weight and to control my temper

STANLEY  
Kenny Vormbrock

Stanley lives alone with his wild dogs in a log cabin deep in the woods. He makes his living by cutting wood and once a week, he goes into town to sell a load of

wood and buy supplies. The townspeople nicknamed him "Stan the Loner." In his pocket, he carries a pocket knife and a few coins. His ambition as a child was to be a lumberjack. Now, he just wants to be left alone and only cut enough wood to sell. He is most proud of his log cabin which he built all by himself. Stanley does not like to talk about himself, especially his past. He had a very unhappy childhood, no friends and his parents were divorced. Now he just likes to sit on the front porch of his cabin and whittle wood, making small animal figures.

As a child, he admired Daniel Boone and his favorite movie was the "Wilderness Family." He dislikes spicy foods such as Mexican and Italian dishes. He prefers to eat deer, rabbit, and squirrel.

Stanley was married several years ago, but his wife left him without any warning. He fell into a deep depression and has been bitter toward people ever since.

There was a time in Stanley's life when he was very happy. He was married for about a month and thinking about raising a family. Until one day, after an argument between Stanley and his wife, he woke up the next morning to a surprise. He found that his wife had packed up all her belongings and left for good. Stanley has never been the same since his wife left him. The townspeople tried to cheer him up, but he shut everyone out. He would not talk to anyone about his feelings. Now he is very nasty to people and won't let anyone help him. Stanley sits at home waiting and hoping that his wife will come back to him. It has been five years

since Stanley has seen his wife.

Now, all that he ever does is sit on his porch with his shotgun and his pack of wild dogs. No one ever goes past his property without Stanley pointing his gun right in their face. If he doesn't see you go by, his watch dogs will. They are very big, mean dogs that Stanley has tied up in his backyard. They guard his home from people who might try to bother him.

One day, there was a group of boys that were walking through the woods to spy on Stan the Loner. They decided to see if the Loner was home so that they could throw rocks at his house. It was one o'clock in the afternoon and Stanley was still in bed. He woke up to see what was all the noise outside his cabin. One of the boys threw a rock at his window and it shattered all over the floor. Stanley became very angry and went to get his gun. He ran outside with hatred in his eyes and chased the boys away firing his gun at them. He went back to his home and waited to see if they would come back again. He was glad they did not come back because Stanley knew his wild dogs would run after them like a pack of hungry wolves and tear them to shreds.

After an hour had past, Stanley decided to go back inside his cabin. Suddenly, he heard someone crying amongst the trees. He wondered what was going on. Could this be a trick of some sort or could there really be somebody needing help? So Stanley went to get his gun and his hunting dog. He was walking through the woods when he saw a little boy about seven years old



sitting by a tree crying his eyes out. Stanley asked the boy what he was doing here without an adult with him. The boy told Stanley that he got lost looking for his group of friends. He told him that they ran off without him, leaving him alone in the woods all by himself. The little boy said that it was not his idea to spy on Stanley and to throw rocks at his home. He said that he was sorry for what had happened to his home. He told Stanley that he was an orphan because his parents had abandoned him when he was born. He said that the place where he lives is not a very nice place to live. They mistreat him and the older boys pick on him a lot. He wished that he could be adopted and be loved and wanted. Stanley remembered the way he was treated when he was growing up. He pictured himself when he was young and remembered how hard life had been for him.

The next day Stanley took the boy back to the orphanage where he lived. He told them that the boy had been lost in the woods and could not find his way back home. He told them how he had taken good care of him before he had returned the boy to the orphanage. They were very relieved to have the boy back and told Stanley that he would get an award for his good deeds. Stanley said that that would not be necessary and that he was thinking about becoming the little boy's legal guardian. They were excited about this since no one else seemed to want the boy and he desperately needed a family.

A month later, Stanley adopted the little boy he had found in the woods. He named his adopted son, Colin,



and they became very close. Colin always wanted a father and Stanley always wanted a son. Now Stanley is not alone, and he has a son to take care of and to love. For the first time in his life, Stanley feels good about himself and is happy. He never thought his life could change in this way. Being a loner was not an easy life.

## COCAINE TO BE

Samuel Lucas

Once in a world called Earth hundreds of years ago, there was a land of gods.

There was a newlywed couple named Mari and Acidonose. They were wild and loved to ride two-wheeled chariots.

They had become drunk one night on a lonely roadway that was beside a huge, open field. The field belonged to Mother Earth, but they did not know this. So they crawled off their chariot and staggered and hiccuped over into the field and sat down. They looked all around them to see what surrounded them when their eyes landed upon a beautiful, red rose bush.

Mari said, "Oh, how sweet. Aren't they adorable? I wish I had roses of this nature."

Acidonose spoke up with a remark, "Well, why don't you pick some of them?"

"But if I did and someone owns them, I'll be punished."

"No one's around. Just get one if you want it. Hiccup!"

So time went by for about an hour and she picked one, then two and three and four. She went on and on until the rose bush was bare of anything but green leaves and torn branches. She gathered the roses up in her arms and a smile of joy spread across her face as she inhaled a wonderful aroma that came from the roses.

Mari and Acidonose were almost ready to go when a beautiful, perfect figure came out from behind a huge tree. Mother Nature stared in amazement with an innocent look and opened her mouth and out came the words, "Why have you done this? Have you picked my roses?"

Tears started to roll down Mari's cheek and her head slowly pouted. "We meant no harm to you. It's just that the roses were so wonderful that I had to have a couple."

"The point is you took my pride and joy away from me and those roses won't grow back. But that's not half of it. Those flowers belonged to my grandmother years ago."

Mother Nature stood and stared hard into the eyes of Mari and grew into a rage. Mari rose in terror and

gazed upon her husband beside her and recalled his so faithful words, "No one will find out."

She fell to her knees and said, "Oh, please, forgive me, please!" Crying hysterically, she stayed on her knees.

Mother Nature looked upon her and spoke, "You shall bear a child who will require your attention at all times because he will be sick often, and this will be your punishment."

So it was and the child was born and named Cain. He was very sick and he was given tablets called cocaine to help his sickness all the time. Cain's parents died of a plague when he was a young man. He looked upon the world of humans and saw that they too were often sick.

He ground up hundreds of the tablets and delivered them to the humans to take for their own sickness. When he did so, some of them died on the first dose, but some didn't. He started preaching to the people to discontinue the use. "It will kill you. Please stop using it."

But the humans didn't listen and soon after, they learned how to make the drug.

And that's how cocaine came to be.



CHELSIE  
Kathy Wetherington

The humming of Mr. Chirp Chirp awakened me on that glorious April morning. Mr. Chirp Chirp, that's what I called the fuzzy little bluebird that lived outside of my window. With the rising of the sun his music filled my every morning. Oh, I can hear it as clearly as if it were yesterday.

As I recall the memory from my mind, I see a picture of a child with the perfect life. Well, the perfect life according to most people. Yes, I was so young then and ignorant of the tragedies the game of life could deal you. On this morning of years ago, just opening my eyes to see sunshine pouring through the window would fill my heart with happiness. My goodness, weren't things simple back then.

Well, there I was on that fabulous spring day looking at the cotton clouds floating in the sky, taking in the fresh air, and just absorbing the general beauty of the world when I thought to myself, "This will be a great day! I'm Chelsie Paton and this is my tenth birthday. Everything has to be perfect. And if Mother Nature dares throw a drop of rain on my spectacular party, I'll just have to march right up and give her a piece of my mind, yes sir."

You'll have to understand that having the perfect life will usually transform the most lovable child into a spoiled brat. As embarrassed and ashamed as I am, I'll have to admit that's exactly what I was. To completely

understand, you must hear more of the story.

Mommy and Daddy had planned the most extravagant party you could ever imagine. No detail was left unattended. Our short, plump cook, Nelly, prepared the main treat, a pink, three tier heart-shaped cake, to be served along with many other party goodies. As for decorating, the patio area was covered in hundreds of rose-colored balloons adorned with pink hearts. Even though I begged her, Mommy said it was too cold yet for swimming. However, the pool was occupied. But instead of people, it contained many pink floater candles. I suppose you've guessed by now that pink was my favorite color.

Everything was absolutely chaotic around our house that day. All of the servants seemed to be running around in a frenzy. Nelly was occupied with finishing the cake and other party foods. Our gardener and Mr. Fix-It, Mr. Olson, had to make sure that all of the shrubbery, especially the pink rose bushes, were trimmed to perfection. The combination maid and comedian, Ms. Bailey, hustled and bustled around the house with her feather duster chanting, "Lord, oh Lord, how will I ever finish all of this work in time?"

Let us not forget the busiest person of all, Mommy. Even though she didn't actually go off to work every morning, she always said that taking care of Daddy and keeping me out of mischief was a full-time job.

Yes, the pictures of yesterday are vividly clear in my mind. In case you're wondering, the party was a

raving success. All of those attending, including children of my parents' friends and my own personal buddies, had a wonderful time. And the specialness of the day didn't end when the party was over.

As Daddy was tucking me into bed that night, we had a meaningful little talk about the day's events. He said that I was the shining light of the party. Daddy always said that I was his little star. We were so close back then. Now, when I close my eyes I can't get a clear picture of his face, or even remember the sound of his voice. I miss him dearly.

Over the years, everything began to change around our household. At first, the discrepancies were so small and insignificant that I scarcely noticed them. So what if our dinner parties were a little less extravagant, or we took fewer fun-filled vacations. Nothing seemed extremely out of the ordinary. There was no problem, right? Wrong. Looking back on it now, I realize that there was definitely a problem, but at the time I was too caught up in my own minor teenage dilemmas to see it.

Changes I began to notice in my parents were what started opening my eyes. Mom, as I remember her in earlier years, was always filled to the brim with energy and life. She, as did I, approached each new day with happiness and the hope of finding wonderful things yet to discover. So, when she spent less and less time on her appearance, and moped through the house with her head down day after day, I was somewhat suspicious. However, at the time I figured that she was just having



a little slump or possibly going through a minor depression. But, as she began spending more time locked away alone in her bedroom, my curiosity and worry were greatly aroused.

On several occasions I pondered the idea of approaching Dad concerning Mom's entire transformation in personality and character. However, the problems kept secretly hidden from me had not only affected one, but both of my parents. Even as a child, I can recollect Dad as being extremely involved in the work and business area of his life. Yet, he always seemed to make time in his hectic schedule for the family. His actions, as did Mom's, took a dramatic turn around during my late teenage years. No longer did I hear the welcoming words every afternoon,

"Hey, Chelsie babe! How was your day?"

Instead, when he finally arrived home, which was usually around 8:00 P.M. he passed me by without so much as a hello, and spent the remainder of the evening shut up in his office and study.

From that point on, there was no returning to the happy, satisfying life of childhood. Everything around me kept sliding farther and farther downhill until we finally hit rock bottom, January 20, 1989. Yes, January 20, one of the darkest days of my life. It is all coming back to me now.

As I arrived home from school, I was expecting the house to be empty. Mom had explained previously that



she would be having a late lunch with her friend, Janice, and Dad was usually at work until all hours of the night. That is why I found it unusual to see his car parked in the driveway when I pulled in. My first reaction was one of surprise and sarcastic gladness.

"Good," I thought to myself, "maybe Dad has finally realized how much he's been neglecting us lately."

I should have known better than to build up my hopes because they always come crashing back down. This case was definitely not an exception. As soon as I stepped through the door, a wave of dread passed over me, stopping me in my tracks. "Something is terribly wrong!" my mind screamed. Panic gripped my heart. Running, I began running from room to room through the house screaming, "Daddy! Daddy! Where are you?"

Suddenly reality came rushing back and I realized that I was still standing in the doorway. Slowly, I turned and closed the door, which seemed to now weigh at least a ton. Without realizing it, my feet began to lead me towards Dad's study. Somehow I knew what I would find there before actually seeing it. As I opened the door the imaginary pictures in my mind became reality. There he was, my darling daddy, who I had idolized as a child. The man that I had always loved unquestioningly. My hero was slumped over his desk with blood gushing from his head and the revolver still clutched in his palm. Everything just goes black after that.

Sounds of weeping brought me back to the tragic

scene. A vision of Mom slowly came into focus as I opened my eyes. Tears were streaming down her face and she appeared to be reading from a piece of paper held shakily in her hand. It was such a pitiful sight that I was forced to return again into the peaceful world of darkness.

A few days later, after all of our relatives and friends had been notified of Dad's death, and the morbid ceremony known as a funeral had taken place, Mom took me aside and placed in my hand a tear-stained sheet of paper. As I read, the changes in behavior of my parents became clear.

"Dear Laura,

"As you know, the business has been in deep financial trouble for some time now. Well, all of those long hours at the office were spent in vain. Yes, we went bankrupt. I've lost everything. When we married, I vowed to you that we would always have the best, and now I've let you down. In trying to give you everything, I haven't been much of a husband or father. Both you and Chelsie must be so disappointed in me. If I go on, I will be faced every minute with the fact that I've failed my family. We would all end up being miserable. I am so, so sorry, Laura. Know that I love you always.

David

At one time I believed that having money and possessions would lead me to happiness. And I must admit, I did have an exceptionally wonderful childhood.

Yet, not a day goes by that I don't wish things could have somehow turned out differently. What could I have done to alter that tragic course of events? The items and objects in life meant to be enjoyable became an obsession with my family. And in some way, we went from caring about each other to loving our possessions and social status. But, no matter how much these things came to mean to me, they stole my parents, who can never be replaced with any amount of money.

## VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS ESSAY CONTEST WINNERS

"Symbols of America's Freedom"

First Place Essay 1993  
The Statue of Liberty  
Stephen Meredith

On Liberty Island, earlier called Bedloes Island, in New York Harbor stands quite truly one of the greatest symbols of American freedom. It is indeed the Statue of Liberty. It is one of the most popular monuments in the United States. The Statue of Liberty is a symbol of welcome to those who come to the United States, either newcomers or those returning by way of New York Harbor.

The Statue of Liberty was a gift from the people of France to the people of America to commemorate the 100th anniversary of American independence. It was designed by the French sculptor, Frederic Auguste Bartholdin. The giant, copper statue was taken apart

so it could be shipped to America. Once in America, it was reassembled, and on October 28, 1886, unveiled, and dedicated by President Grover Cleveland. It is called "Liberty Enlightening the World;" in her left hand is a law book on which is inscribed "July 4, 1776," the date on the Declaration of Independence.

On a plaque at the entrance of the statue are various writings by poet Emma Lazarus. They read in part, "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses, yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me. I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

As you can clearly see, this poem truly symbolizes the Statue of Liberty. However, that is not all this great monument symbolizes. The Statue of Liberty, looking out over the entrance to New York's Harbor, stands as a constant reminder to America's commitment to freedom and justice.

Second Place Essay 1993  
The White House  
Britt Lincoln

The White House is a famous symbol of our freedom. It is the home of the President. The mansion's guests, occupants, history, and lifestyles show that we, as United States citizens, have the right to live anyway we wish to life, if it is appropriate and legal. Before we explore the history of this glorious mansion,



let us look at the structure itself and some of its guests and residents.

The White House is now located at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C. This monumental building has 18 acres and has dimensions of 175 feet by 85 feet. Tourists can see many of the White House's 132 rooms and large numbers do explore the rooms to remind themselves of their freedom as United States residents. In the White House, which has two terraces, several wings, and two porticos, the President and his Cabinet make laws and govern the country.

Over the years, vast numbers of people from around the world have visited the White House. Winston Churchill, Napoleon Buonoparte, Queen Willamina of the Netherlands, and Marie Curie, well-known woman scientists who made some landmark discoveries about radium, have all spent time in it. The ease with which these foreign people visited our President's home represents the freedom of movement that all American people have, regardless of their race.

How did the White House become this way? Whose hands built and decorated the structure?

Construction began on the original White House in 1792 with James Hoban as chief architect. His Palladian-style design was chosen in a federal government sponsored petition. Although the White House was completed in time for second President John Adams' family and cabinet, there were few conveniences

for the occupants. For instance, the Adams family lacked a proper laundry drying facility. This building endured the Adams' fancy parties for the capital's rich people, Jefferson's gatherings for everyone in the vicinity, and part of the War of 1812 before it was burned by the British in 1814. The zeal with which the White House was defended before the fire, evacuated when it started, and rebuilt after the crisis (this was accomplished in a three-year period) shows that citizens of the United States have the freedom to hold on to their treasures for as long as possible in a disastrous situation. When their precious possessions must be abandoned, Americans can rebuild and gain new ones quickly.

Several Presidents and their families have changed the appearance of the White House. In 1902, the Executive Wing was added, and the mansion was furnished in a style consistent by President Theodore Roosevelt. During the Franklin Roosevelt administration, the East and West Wings were enlarged, and a swimming pool was put in the West Wing. President Truman also tried to improve the White House. He strengthened the structure of this monumental mansion, made the third floor into a full story, and added a private balcony.

Today, the home where our President passes laws and makes many important decisions looks very different than it did in President Lincoln's time. However, this building still represents our country's freedom and diversity. To back up this message of liberty, the original version of the Emancipation

Proclamation, complete with Lincoln's signature, hangs in the White House.

Third Place Essay 1993  
**A Symbol of America**  
Kathy Wetherington

The day was October 8, 1886. Even though it was cold and rainy outside, peoples' hearts were warm as they joined together with the one hundred bands and twenty thousand marchers parading down New York's Main Street to celebrate the joyous occasion, Liberty Day. This was to be the day that our former President, Grover Cleveland, formally accepted Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, a beautiful gift from the people of France. As the paraders approached City Hall, President Cleveland ascended its steps to shake hands with and give thanks to Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, the French sculptor who designed and helped build Miss Liberty. Later in the ceremony as Mr. Bartholdi pulled the rope that would release the French flag from Liberty's face, his mind must have traveled back to where and when it had all begun.

Several years prior, Mr. Bartholdi had invited a few guests to his home for a dinner party. One of those attending was a man by the name of Laboulaye. Mr. Laboulaye, being a great admirer of the United States, proposed on this night the construction of a joint French-American monument declaring the ideal of liberty. Surprisingly, all of the men agreed that this would be a wonderful thing to do. Unfortunately, war



broke out in France shortly thereafter. For the next six years war raged on, but the idea never left their minds, especially that of Mr. Bartholdi.

After the war had ended, Mr. Bartholdi quickly made arrangements to begin the building of the statue. First, he wanted to travel to America and discuss the idea with our president to be certain that the American people would accept such a gift. While journeying from France to the United States on an immigrant ship, he drew many sketches of the monument. When none of these pleased him, he proceeded to throw them all overboard. As they approached Bedloe's Island, many ideas came flooding into his mind at once. Before him was the picture of a woman in a long flowing robe. In her left hand she held a tablet with the date of America's independence inscribed into it. The torch, whose rays show how liberty lights the way for the rest of the world, was placed in her right hand. Also showing our freedom from the bondage of England, Bartholdi planned for one of Miss Liberty's feet to be stepping from broken chains. And finally, on her head was a crown with seven spikes representing the light of liberty shining on the seven oceans and continents. Bartholdi decided that placing the statue on Bedloe's Island would be the perfect welcome to all immigrants entering the United States.

Four years then passed before construction could begin. In January of 1876, Bartholdi rented a workshop for the building of the statue. For the sculpting of the face, Bartholdi decided that none other would be as perfect for the job as that of his mother. However, since



she was unable to stand for long periods of time, he chose Jeanne Emile Bheux de Pusieu for the sculpting of the statue's body. To begin, he made a four foot sculpture of his creation. From there, he went on to sculpt a nine and then thirty-six foot model. By this time Bartholdi realized that the entire actual statue would not be complete in time for America's one hundredth birthday, so he decided to send the arm and torch.

Everyone in France gave what they could to continue the sculpting of the Statue of Liberty. Carnivals, puppet shows, and fairs were held to raise money. Also contributing greatly were French painters who gave the proceedings of their paintings.

After the wood and plaster sculpture of the arm and torch was complete, it was cut into twenty-one pieces and covered in copper. These copper sheets were then fastened together and held in place by rods and bands of iron. The completed arm and torch were sent to America in time for the one hundredth anniversary celebration in 1876. From there it was sent to Paris for display.

From this point in the construction, Bartholdi received help from Gustave Eiffel, who solved two of the major problems he was having. First, he designed the interior structure for the statue, which Bartholdi was unable to do. The second dilemma was the great possibility of it being struck by lightening. Nothing could be done to prevent this, but to protect it, a strip of asbestos cloth was placed wherever a copper plate

touched an iron beam. After these two problems had been resolved, work on the statue progressed quickly. By the end of 1884 Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World was complete.

On July 4, the statue was to be transferred to America, but it stood in Paris for another year because we had not finished the pedestal. In fact, work on it had halted completely. No one seemed to be enthused about giving money for its completion. Feeling the shame of this, Joseph Pulitzer published a convincing article in his newspaper, World, in 1885 which caused immediate action. To show that this was a gift from all the American people, every name of one giving money for the pedestal was published in World, no matter how large or small the donation. Only one hundred forty-seven days after the publishing of Pulitzer's article, enough money had been raised to finish the base. We were now ready to greet the Statue of Liberty, which is just what we did on October 28, 1886.

Today the Statue of Liberty has become America's most popular tourist attraction. Almost two million people per year from all parts of the world come to Liberty Island to greet her. As the visitors climb the one hundred sixty-eight steps to her crown, I hope they realize not only all of the hard work and effort put forth to create the statue, but also the meaning behind it.

In addition to being a tribute to the independence that America fought eight years to obtain, the Statue of Liberty is a sign of friendship and unity between countries. For immigrants, the statue said America is

opportunity. It is a chance to work, live where you want, and serve the God of your choice. Over the years it has come to take on other meanings as well. For instance, the Statue of Liberty became a powerful national symbol during World War I. Her image appeared on posters for war bonds, called Liberty Bonds. These sales raised about fifteen billion dollars and helped pay for the cost of the war. I believe that the symbolism of Miss Liberty was described best in Dwight Eisenhower's speech celebrating her 70th birthday. He said,

"The Statue of Liberty has come to stand for the common hope of the old world and the new. This hope is the peace of all mankind--all people living together in justice, mutual respect, and prosperity. This hope has come closest to being realized in America . . . by free men from many nations."

She is our attribute. The Statue of Liberty is a symbol of America.







